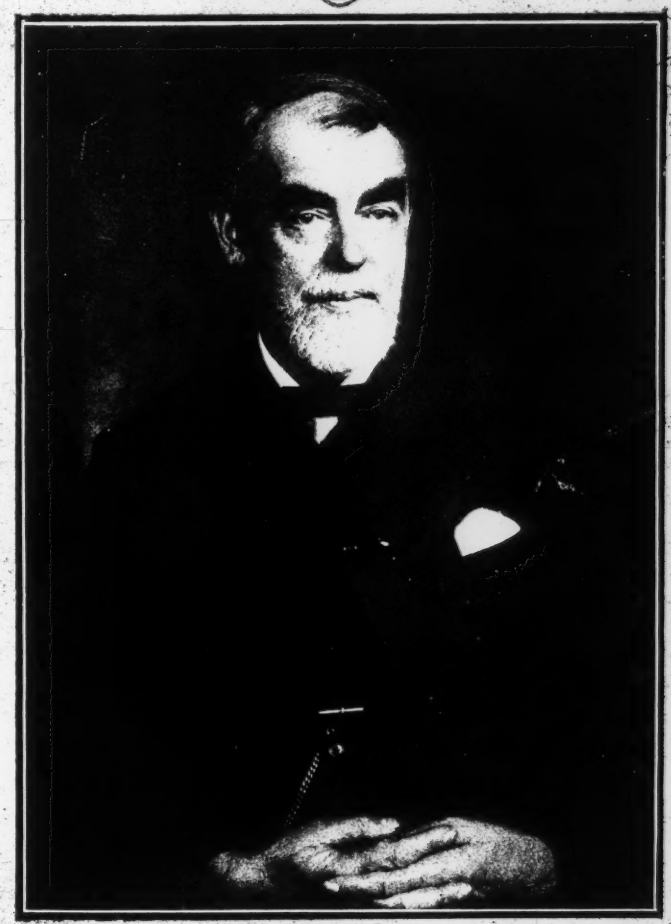
BOOKMAN



SAMUEL BUTLER.

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UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS
AUG 28 1915

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NOTICES.

All communications intended for the Editor must be addressed to the Editor of The Bookman, St. Paul's House, Warwick Square, London, E.C.

A preliminary letter of inquiry should be sent to the Editor before any manuscript is submitted for his consideration.

News Notes.

The retirement of Professor George Saintsbury, who has long been one of The Bookman's most valued contributors, will happily leave him more leisure for his own literary work. He has been Professor of English Literature at Edinburgh University since 1895. Mr. Saintsbury has recently completed a volume on the Augustan age in English Literature, which Messrs. George Bell & Son are to publish early in the autumn.

Ralph Connor (Rev. Charles W. Gordon, D.D.) the famous Canadian novelist, is now in England. He has come as Chaplain with one of the Canadian contingents and will shortly be going to the front.

Mr. W. B. Maxwell has been unable to complete the new novel he was to have had ready for Messrs. Hutchinson to publish this autumn. He has been serving for some time past in the 10th Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers.

"Guy and Pauline," a new novel by Compton Mackenzie will be published by Mr. Martin Secker in September. Mr. Mackenzie, who acted as Official War Correspondent at the Dardanelles during Mr. Ashmead Bartlett's disablement, is now serving on Sir Ian Hamilton's staff as head of the Interpreting Department.

Lady Elgar, several of whose songs have been set to music by her husband, the famous composer, sends us the following lines, commemorative of England's entry into the World War:

ENGLAND.

August 4th, 1914.—A Retrospect.

Holding her reign in kindly state and might,
Still deeming honour trod in knightly ways,
Half armed, lay England through the summer days;
Her rule, outspeeding dawn, outchecking night,
Welded the sphere, in wide, majestic flight.
When lo! a foe appears who neither stays
Nor warns, but sweeps the Belgian plains and sways
Grim hosts and arrogates a devilish right.

"England still sleeps," he said, "and dreams of gain;
She will not stir, who once was battle's lord,
Or risk the clash of squadrons on the main;
Her treaties may be torn, while 'gainst the horde
These lesser folk may plead for help in vain. . . ."

But, throned amidst the seas, she bared her sword.

C. Alice Elgar.

Miss Winifred Graham,
whose new novel, "The Imperial Malefactor," is published by Mr. Werner Laurie.

George Acorn, the author of "The Driving Force," which has just been published by Mr. John Long, is another novelist in khaki. When he puts off his pseudonym he is Lance-Corporal S. Cottage, and is at present serving with the Colours.

Our readers will be interested to know that one result of the Booksellers' Red Cross Week which Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton recently arranged for the benefit of the Red Cross Society, is the presentation to the Society of a £400 motor ambulance. They are issuing at once a new popular shilling edition of "The Way of the Red Cross" with a preface by Queen Alexandra. The publication of this book has already produced nearly £1,000 for the Red Cross Fund.

Mr. Heinemann is publishing this month "The Freelands," a new novel by John Galsworthy.

"The Jolly Duchess" is the title Mr. Charles E. Pearce has given to his story of the career of the famous Harriot, Duchess of St. Albans. It is a vivid record of the English stage and English society in the fifty years from 1787 to 1837. The book will be published this month by Messrs. Stanley Paul & Co.

Monsieur Louis Conard, the Paris publisher, commenced last month the publication of "The Standard Collection of British and American Authors," a series of copyright volumes by leading novelists for Continental circulation. It is a timely enterprise; we wish it every success, and hope to see it supersede the hitherto popular Continental Library of Baron Tauchnitz. M. Conard's list contains already seventy-five per cent. of the Tauchnitz authors, and has made a beginning with the latest novels of H. G. Wells, "Q," Arnold Bennett, H. A. Vachell, Booth Tarkington, Richard Pryce, Maurice Hewlett, Mrs. Gertrude Atherton, "Rita," Violet Hunt, Pett Ridge, J. C. Snaith, and other well known writers

Mrs. Hugh Fraser has translated "The Patrizi Memoirs," by the Marchesa Maddalena Patrizi, and the book is to be published by Messrs. Hutchinson this autumn. It is an intimate record that throws valuable sidelights on certain aspects of Napoleon's career.

We have so accustomed ourselves to the idea that the men of our new army are a totally different type from those of the regular forces, that it is well to correct this impression by reading in last month's *Millgate Monthly* an interesting account of the life and work of Quartermaster-Sergeant Gurnett. Mr. John J. Gurnett, who has been serving in the Royal Artillery now for eighteen years, published last year a little book of verse, "Reveries," which we reviewed in THE BOOKMAN, and as we noted at the time it is a fine humanity and no lust for military glory that marks his utterance. War is abhorrent to him, but, as he puts it, "until the world has learned to do without war soldiers are necessary," if it is only that a nation may defend itself against invaders. He is a Theosophist, has studied political economy, and is keenly interested in archæology, but of his varied interests poetry, like Aaron's serpent, swallows up the rest. At his best, as Mr. Frederick Rockell remarks in his article in the *Millgate Monthly*, Mr. Gurnett writes with a stark simplicity and imaginative forcefulness that is reminiscent of Blake.

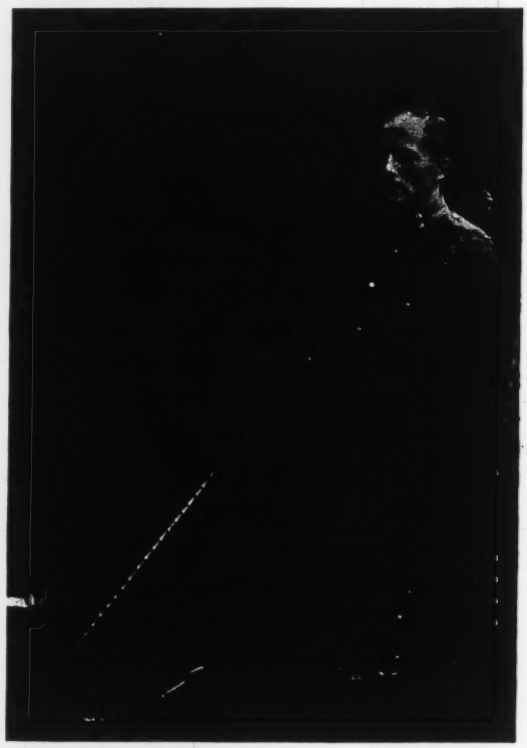


Photo by C Davis, Edinburgh.

Lance-Corporal W. Kersley Holmes,
whose successfu book of soldier poems, "Ballads of Field and Billet" (Gardner), we reviewed last month.

"The Rainbow," a new novel by D. H. Lawrence, will be published shortly by Messrs. Methuen.

Mr. R. Scotland Liddell, whose record of his experiences in Belgium at the time of the German invasion ("The Track of the War") was published last spring by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall, is at present serving on the Eastern front with the Russian Red Cross. He is engaged on a book that is to tell what he has seen of the heroic fight the Russians have made against the common enemy.

Mr. Walter Haydon (of the Canadian Northern Railway) writes to us as follows:

"A letter which will be read with deep interest by all lovers of the poems of the late E. Pauline Johnson (Tekahionwake) — described by Theodore Watts-Dunton as 'this beautiful and grand Canadian girl'— recently appeared in the *Vancouver World* from Evelyn H. C. Johnson, sister of the poetess, dated from New York. From her sister's letter it appears that Pauline made a new will a few days previous to her death, but Miss E. H. C. Johnson states that 'she was not in a proper condition to adequately plan for the disposal of her cash assets, as sales of her books had to be made afterwards, to enable the debts and expenses to be met according to the will.' Miss Johnson felt, moreover, that she would not be pursuing an honourable course if she accepted any of the residue, and as the estate of the poetess is now closed, she has accordingly placed with the *Vancouver World* a draft for $217.17, and another draft for the same sum with the *Brantford Expositor*, Ont., the total amount representing her share of the residue, which was to be equally divided between Mr. Walter Jackson McRaye and herself, and she has requested the editors of these papers to undertake, in conjunction with any suggestions which may come from local societies, the disposition of the proceeds of the drafts. 'When Pauline Johnson,' the letter mentions, 'first became an invalid some two years prior to her death, and, because of her illness and suffering, unable ultimately to maintain herself, the Pauline Johnson Trust Fund was organised in Vancouver for the purpose of disposing of her books for her benefit, and thereby provided means for her immediate needs. Later, from all over Canada, people who knew and loved Pauline Johnson purchased her books, and numerous societies contributed towards her maintenance, for she was indeed beloved.' Miss Johnson had originally intended to establish with her share of the residue a Pauline Johnson section of the Vancouver Museum, to which the poetess had bequeathed her Indian costume, etc., but its ultimate purpose will be decided in the manner already mentioned. Small though the amount is, some fitting memorial to the author of 'Flint and Feather' will doubtless be resolved upon, and whatever form it may take we may be certain that it will 'cherish her memory more and more, for of all Canadian poets she was the most distinctly a daughter of the soil, inasmuch as she inherited'—again using the words of Theodore Watts-Dunton—'the blood of the great primeval race, now so rapidly vanishing, and of the greater race that has supplanted it.'"

Canon Henry Scott Holland,
whose new book, "A Bundle of Memories," was published last month by Messrs. Wells Gardner.
From a drawing in colour by F. T. Dalton.

"Allies," a romance of the Great War by John English, will be published this month by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall & Co. The story is edited by Mr. J. E. Patterson.

Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton are publishing immediately a translation of "J'Accuse," the terrible indictment of the German Government, written by a German "who is uncorrupted and incorruptible; who is not bought, and is not for sale," and who says he wrote this book because he loves his Fatherland and would save it from the doom that its leaders are bringing upon it.

Another remarkable war book which Messrs. Sampson, Low & Co. are publishing, is "Germany Embattled," by Oswald G. Villard. The author writes with great sympathy for the German people as distinguished from the German Government, and believes it is best in the people's own interest that their rulers should be defeated in this war. Mr. Villard, who has lived and studied in Germany, and has eight relatives in the German Army, is President of the *New York Evening Post*.

Memorial to Andrew Lang,
designed by Percy Portsmouth, and unveiled by Sheriff Chisholm in Selkirk Free Library on the 21st July.
From a photograph kindly sent by Mr. William Fowler, of Selkirk.

Mr. Henry Scott, of Belfast, writes to us: "In THE BOOKMAN for June, reviewing 'Famous War Correspondents,' Mr. Frederick Whyte says, 'Archibald Forbes . . . seems to be the only Scotchman included in the volume; . . . Bennet Burleigh and . . form a strong combination for England.' Now Mr. Bennet Burleigh was a Scot; a native of Glasgow or Greenock; and, curiously enough, Mr. Whyte seems to notice in him something 'in common with Forbes.'"

The firm of Tonudo, of Tokyo, has published an authorised translation of W. B. Yeats's "Ideas of Good and Evil," with an introductory essay by the distinguished Japanese poet, Yone Noguchi. Mr. Noguchi, in his essay, makes an interesting comparison between the Celtic temperament and the Japanese mind of earlier times, "before it was troubled," as he says, "by any Chinese poetry or sad, Buddhistic imaginings." This is the first book by Mr. Yeats to appear in the Japanese language.

Messrs. Greening & Co. are publishing this month a translation of Theophile Gautier's "Life of Charles Baudelaire," supplemented by selections from his Poems, "Little Poems in Prose," and Letters to Sainte-Beuve and Flaubert, with an essay on his influence by Guy Thorne.

Messrs. Charles P. Sisley & Co. have in preparation a series of books relating "The Stories of Our Regiments." The first four of these, which are to be published immediately, deal with "The Grenadiers," "The Black Watch," "The Buffs," and "The Northumberland Fusiliers."

We have received Nos. 2 and 3 of "Loose Leaves," the series of occasional leaflets in which Mr. Edward Storer is issuing his own writings. No. 2 denounces latter day ideals and conditions of life in a consideration of "The Case of the Modern Artist"; No. 3 contains a reissue of his lyrical drama, "Helen," from the pages of *Poetry and Drama*. The price of the first leaflet was a penny; the second has risen to twopence, and the third, which, however, runs to sixteen pages, to sixpence. They are on sale at the Poetry Bookshop and at Mr. D. J. Rider's.

"Battle," a book of dramatic lyrics of the War, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, will be published by Mr. Elkin Mathews in September.

Messrs. Allen & Unwin are publishing shortly "Sicilian Studies," a volume of essays and stories, by the Hon. Alexander Nelson Hood. Mr. Hood, who is the Treasurer to Her Majesty the Queen, has intimate associations with Sicily; he holds the Nelson family estates there, with the title of Duke of Bronte, which was conferred on Lord Nelson by the King of Naples after the Battle of the Nile.

Mr. F. W. Wile,
whose striking exposure, "The German-American Plot," just published by Messrs. Pearson, is one of the most remarkable of the new War books.

"Tales of Temptation," a new collection of short stories by Margaret Strickland, will be published shortly by Messrs. Angold.

A volume of timely articles, "The War Thoughts of an Optimist," by Benjamin A. Gould, will be published this month by Messrs. Dent. Mr. Gould is an American citizen who has for several years resided in Canada, and he argues that there is no such thing as a German-American.

An important book that Mr. John Murray is publishing shortly is "William Wordsworth: His Life, Works and Influence," by George McLean Harper. Fresh material, has been available for this extensive critical biography, and, in particular, new light is thrown on those earlier years when Wordsworth was in fullest sympathy with the hopes and aims of the French Revolution. Mr. Harper is Professor of English Literature at Princeton University.

"Afterthoughts," a new novel by May Openshaw, will be published shortly by Messrs. Simpkin, Marshall.

Mr. Roger Ingpen's new book, "Shelley in England," which has been delayed in consequence of the War, will now be published shortly by Messrs. Kegan Paul & Co. Much new information concerning Shelley's early days has come to light since the publication of Professor Dowden's great biography, and Mr. Ingpen has had access to this, and to the mass of recently disclosed documents relating to the poet and his family. The volume will contain twenty-six hitherto unpublished letters from Shelley.

The portrait of Butler on our cover is reproduced, by permission of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild and Mr. A. C. Fifield, from the photograph by Mr. Alfred Emery Cathie, which is used as a frontispiece to "The Note Books of Samuel Butler."

Among the most interesting of the new War books are:

"Russia and the Great War." By Gregor Alexinsky. 10s. 6d. net. (Heinemann.)

"The German Peril." By Frederic Harrison. (Fisher Unwin.)

"Defenceless America." By Hudson Maxim. 10s. 6d. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

"Russia and Democracy." By M. de Wesselitsky. 1s. net. (Heinemann.)

"A War Time Journal." By Lady Jepson. 2s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

Mrs. Nora Tynan O'Mahony,
whose new volume of poems, "The Fields of Heaven," has just been published by Mr. Erskine Macdonald.

Mr. Michael T. H. Sadler,
whose new novel, "Hyssop" (Constable), is reviewed in this Number.

"Kultur and Catastrophe." By Theodore Andrea Cook. 1s. net. (John Murray.)

"The German-American Plot." By Frederick William Wile. 1s. net. (Pearson.)

"The Battle Glory of Canada." By A. B. Tucker. 1s. net. (Cassell.)

"Italy and the Italian People." (Nations of the War series.) 1s. net. (Simpkin, Marshall.)

"The War and What After?" By Raymond Unwin. 1s. 6d. net. (Letchworth: Garden City Press.)

"Spies and Secret Service." By Hamil Grant. 7s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

READING IN WAR TIME.

By A GENERAL READER.

"I DO wonder—if everybody writes and nobody reads, what's the use?" says Maria, in Mrs. John Lane's delightfully amusing book, "Maria Again"; and I confess I have lately been troubled with the same doubt; such a number of new books have been published this year, and so many persons who ought to know have told me sombrely that nobody is buying any. Therefore, for my own satisfaction, in my walks abroad during the last week or more, I have made a point of chatting with various booksellers when I have dropped in upon them to buy a book (for I am still buying a few myself) and getting them to tell me which of the recent volumes they find most in demand.

MESSRS. W. H. SMITH & SON, of Kingsway,

say that business has been much better of late, and that, on the whole, "six shilling novels have been going very well." They named the following as their twelve best sellers:

"Poems" of Rupert Brooke.
"Poems" of G. K. Chesterton.
"Ordeal by Battle." By F. S. Oliver.
"The Soul of the War." By P. Gibbs.
"The Statesman's Year Book: 1915."
"General Sketch of the European War: First Phase." By Hilaire Belloc.
"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke.
"Follow After." By Gertrude Page.
"The Valley of Fear." By Sir A. Conan Doyle.
"Armageddon." By Stephen Phillips.
"The Little Man." By John Galsworthy.
"The World's War Ships." By. F. T. Jane.

MESSRS. A. & F. DENNY, of 147, Strand,

did not answer me so favourably. They find the sale for six shilling novels is rather quiet, but there is a very considerable demand for sixpenny, sevenpenny, and shilling editions of all sorts of books. They have printed a catalogue of some seven thousand such, and Mr. F. Denny said he had given it broadcast among his customers with uncommonly gratifying results. He named as his twelve best-selling books:

"Ordeal by Battle."
Belloc's "War Book."
Buchan's "History of the War."
"King Albert's Book."
"War and Democracy."
"The Red Glutton." By Irvin Cobb.
"Poems." By Rupert Brooke.
"The Soul of Germany." By T. F. A. Smith.
"Nationality and the War."
"When Blood is Their Argument." By F. Madox Hueffer.
"War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman.
"Aunt Sarah and the War."

Mr. Denny added that the new edition of Henry James's "Tales" was selling well; that there had been an increase in the unfailing demand for Kipling's prose and verse; and that, in spite of the war, the steady sale of Thomas Hardy's novels continued.

MESSRS. JONES & EVANS, of 77, Queen Street, Cheapside,

were disposed, like Mr. Denny, to be somewhat pessimistic, and Mr. John G. Wilson there said they were not selling much fiction except in the cheap editions, which were being bought in large quantities by people who were sending them to soldiers at the front or in training at home. First favourites among these are all Gene Stratton's Porter's books, Ridgwell Cullum's, W. F. Shannon's, and such stories as "Daddy Long-Legs," "The Drummer of the Dawn," "Spud Tamson," "Kitchener's Chaps." Phrase books in French, Flemish and Russian are selling largely, and there is a marked increase in the sales of the more serious magazines, such as the *Fortnightly*, *Round Table*, etc. Mr. Wilson added that the new editions of some of the Russian novelists are doing well; and six shilling fiction of the lighter kind, by Stephen Leacock, George Birmingham, tales such as Dorothy Muir's "Summer Friendships," and others, were going satisfactorily. He considered his twelve best-sellers were:

"Bealby." By H. G. Wells.
Rupert Brooke's "Poems."
"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke.
"Russia and the World."
"Scotland for Ever."
Belloc's "War Book."
Buchan's "History of the War."
"War Time Verses." By Sir Owen Seaman.
"War and Democracy."
"War Lords." By A. G. Gardiner.
"War and Lombard Street," and other books on Finance. By Hartley Withers.
Cammaerts' "Belgian Poems."

Mr. Wilson mentioned too that there is a run on all Kipling's books; that there is a good sale for serious

works such as Jane's "Interpretation of History"; and that he is selling more "local" Guide Books than usual, which he takes as a sign that many who mostly spent their holidays abroad are this year arranging to spend them somewhere at home.

I pushed my enquiry among several other booksellers in Central, West, and North London, and, to summarise their replies, was glad to learn that in the main they found business much better than they had expected it to be. Some of them are selling new six shilling novels pretty freely, others are having the same experience with them as Mr. Denny, but all are selling plenty of cheap editions, and war books seem to be in demand everywhere. Collating my other lists of best-sellers I find they substantially agree with the lists I have already given, but to the books included in these must be added one or two that have made their appearance since I visited the three booksellers I have named, and some that were not referred to by either of those three; for, of course, every best-seller does not sell best at every shop. According to this general concensus of opinion, other books that are enjoying a considerable vogue are:

"Maria Again." By Mrs. John Lane.
"You Never Know Your Luck." By Sir Gilbt. Parker.
"Spies and Secret Service."
"The German-American Plot."
"Nicky Nan." By "Q."
"Conquest." By Olive Wadsley.
"The Blue Horizon." By H. de Vere Stacpoole.
"Love-Birds in the Coco-Nuts" By Peter Blundell.
"Miss Billy's Decision." By Eleanor H. Porter.
"Belgium's Agony." By Verhaeren.
"The Campaign of 1914." By G. H. Perris.
"Brunel's Tower." By Eden Phillpotts.
"The Amateur Army." By Patrick MacGill.
"Roumania and the Great War." By Seton-Watson.
"In Mr. Knox's Country." By Somerville and Ross.
"Golden Glory." By W. H. Rose.
"A War Time Journal." By Lady Jephson.
"The English Countryside." By E. C. Pulbrook.
"With the Allies." By R. H. Davis.
"A Lover's Tale." By Maurice Hewlett.
"Sergeant Michael Cassidy."
"The Barbarians in Belgium." By Pierre Nothomb.
"The House of the Misty Star."
"The Battle Glory of Canada." By A. B. Tucker.
"Behind the Scenes at the Front." By George Adam.
"Through a Dartmoor Window." By Beatrice Chase.
"Yvette." By Guy de Maupassant.
"The Real Crown Prince."
"Kultur and Catastrophe."

These facts bring me to the conclusion that I need not share "Maria's" anxiety—that if everybody is writing nearly everybody must also be reading; that if the book trade is not nearly so busy as it would like to be, it is so much busier than it might have been in such days as these that there is no reason for pessimism, except that some of us, like Newman Noggs, are "never so happy as when we are miserable."

THE BOOKMAN GALLERY.

ROBERT LYND.

BY ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

THERE are two kinds of "literary editors" of newspapers: one is a man of letters in whom the critical faculty is predominant; the other is a person whose chief work seems to be to make a list of "Books Received," and send volumes to various reviewers as indiscriminately as possible. The latter is, generally speaking, a failure as a journalist. He is employed as "literary editor" (*a*) because he is too incompetent to be a police-court reporter; (*b*) because the general editor or proprietor of the newspaper feels sorry for him; and (*c*) because literature is not supposed to be of much interest to the mass of newspaper readers, and, therefore, he is not likely to do much harm to the paper if he is allowed to look after the books. A casual survey of the London newspapers will enable a moderately intelligent person to decide instantly to which of these two classes any particular "literary editor" belongs. It is quite obvious, for example, that the "literary editor" of the *Daily Squeal* is a man who does not know the difference between what is literature and what is not. It is equally obvious that the "literary editor" of the *Daily News and Leader* is a man of letters.

Photo by E. O. Hoppé. **Mr. Robert Lynd.**

Newspapers, like people, have distinguishing features. Men read the *Daily Telegraph*, they say, because its foreign news is so good. Others read the *Daily Mail* or the *Daily Express* because it has the knack of serving up the news in a way that is palatable to them. Newspapers, too, have their traditions. The *Saturday Review* and the *Star* have a tradition of good dramatic criticism to maintain: the former has employed Mr. Bernard Shaw, Mr. Max Beerbohm, and (now) Mr. John Palmer to criticise English drama; the *Star* has employed Mr. A. B. Walkely, Mr. Gilbert Cannan, and (now) Mr. William Archer for a similar purpose. The

Daily News and Leader has a tradition of good literary criticism to maintain; and its "literary editors" in recent years have been Mr. C. F. G. Masterman, Mr. R. A. Scott-James, and (now) Mr. Robert Lynd.

I am not, perhaps, the proper person to write an article such as this on Robert Lynd. He is my friend, my fellow-townsman (we were born in Belfast), and also (what is rare in one's friend and fellow-townsman) a man for whose literary and personal qualities I have so much regard that I am more likely to write fulsomely about him than critically. However, I need the money which I shall receive for this article, and so, indiscriminating or not, I will write it.

Robert Lynd is the son of a Presbyterian minister, the late Dr. Lynd, of Belfast, who was a man of considerable repute in Ulster. Like all intelligent Ulstermen, Robert Lynd is a Home Ruler. Indeed, his love of Ireland is so great that he has actually learned to speak Gaelic, and when he goes to Ireland he embarrasses his countrymen very much by speaking to them in the old language of their country. "Nach labhrann tu Gaedhilg?" he says to them, and they glance at him sharply, and ask him if he is English! Ireland is to Robert Lynd what King Charles's head was to Mr. Dick. No matter what subject he writes on, his Irish love is certain to betray itself somewhere. If he cannot actually name Ireland, he will use some simile that is sufficiently local to be almost exclusively Irish in origin. Where an ordinary writer would use a sentence such as "the difference between a duke and a dock labourer," Robert Lynd will use "the difference between a lord and a linen lapper." This instinctive choice of Irish images, Irish turns of speech, is one of the most notable features of Robert Lynd's work. He is a devout lover of Cathleen Ni Houlihan.

If I were asked to name the writer who most intimately feels Ireland, I think I should say Robert Lynd. He would probably say that Padraic Colum gives a more familiar picture of Ireland than any other writer, and certainly Mr. Colum in "My Irish Year" introduces the stranger very nearly to Irish life; but there is more intimacy, more warmth, more homeliness in Lynd's books on Ireland than in Colum's. I have just read the four books which Mr. Lynd has published: "Irish and English," "Home Life in Ireland," "Rambles in Ireland," and "The Book of This and That"; and the feeling they have aroused in me is one of intense homesickness. It seemed to me when I had finished "Home Life in Ireland" that I must somehow get the money to pay my passage back to Ulster. I did not get that sensation when I read "My Irish Year," nor do I get it when I read the books of other Irish writers. I imagine that anyone, whatever his or her nationality may be, who reads Lynd's "Home Life in Ireland" will get the feeling that Ireland has been made as friendly and familiar to them as their own country. I am prepared to assert dogmatically that the reader of "Home Life in Ireland" and "Rambles in Ireland" will learn more of that country from those two books than they will learn from all the speeches and solemn volumes that have ever been made. "The Book of This and That" is a collection of essays, all of which appeared originally in *The New Statesman*. "Irish and English" is a similar collection from the defunct *To-Day*.

It is in the first of these two books that one finds most evidence of a second strongly marked characteristic of Robert Lynd's work, and that is, his intolerable tolerance. He is, as it were, so conscious of the fact that he is a sinner, that not only will he not cast the first stone, but he will not cast any stone at all. He has actually written an article in advocacy of gentle reviewing of bad books, although he must be aware of the fact that the most urgent need in literature to-day is the need for brutality in criticism. Lynd will not lay people out, and he will not let anybody else lay them out. When he employs me to criticise a book, he invariably "cuts" all the thumping bits, out of sheer kindness of heart. This unwillingness to wound sometimes causes his work to look weak, even when he is obviously angry. One of his essays, "Thoughts at a Tango Tea," a brilliantly bitter satire, contains this passage:

> "Slowly and separately each girl appears, sometimes from the back of the stalls, sometimes from the back of the stage, and marches before your vision as obtrusive as an advertisement, while the band plays some tune like "You made me love you." One should not say 'marches,' perhaps, but glides."

That final sentence is characteristic of Lynd. Too often, I think, he is not certain whether he should say "marches" or "glides."

He can, of course, be angry. He can even be unjust. Ask him to tell you what he thinks of Mr. Rudyard Kipling . . . but then every Irishman can be angry with Mr. Kipling. I have personally seen Lynd getting angry and more angry. He and a friend of his from Belfast and I were sitting in his house talking about Home Rule. The friend was an indifferent Unionist, and he began to say things about Nationalism which were not pleasant. I, who am an intolerant bigot, was getting ready to lose my temper, when I discovered, to my astonishment, that Lynd had lost his. There was a sharpness in his speech that I have since longed to see in his criticism, and he utterly annihilated the pallid Unionism of his old friend, not alone with facts, but with fiery language.

One of these days Robert Lynd will suddenly leave London and return to Ulster. I always think of him as a man who is not quite happy in England. Someone will have the common sense to found a weekly review in Ireland and make him editor of it. His feeling for his country is so strong that I am sure he will sometimes become so angry in his weekly review that my truculence will seem to be tepid in comparison. Whether or not he edits a review in Ireland is not nearly so important as the fact that he will one day write a book on Ulster which will make Ulster understood throughout the world.

THE READER.

SAMUEL BUTLER

(1835-1902).

By George Sampson.

"SAMUEL BUTLER was, in his own department, the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century"—thus Mr. Bernard Shaw, in a sentence that has been rather overworked as a testimonial. Coleridge might have written with equal magnanimity of the Germans whom he quarried for ideas—had he been as cute as Mr. Shaw. Frankness is usually the next best policy.

The tribute is worth a moment's examination. To call Butler "the greatest English writer of the latter half of the nineteenth century" is so plainly excessive, that the statement is qualified by a parenthesis, "in his own department." But that is the whole point. Precisely, what is Butler's "own department," in which he is pre-eminent? A qualification of such magnitude begs the entire question. Just the same claim could be made for Tupper. Butler was indubitably a satirist; yet to call him the greatest English satirist of the latter half of the nineteenth century does not tell us much, as he seems to be the only one. He wrote on evolution; but he is obviously not the greatest modern writer in this department. He translated the "Iliad" and "Odyssey," discussed the authorship of the latter, and investigated the dedication of Shakespeare's sonnets. Is the department of pure literary criticism that in which he is the greatest of his time? Butler himself would have been surprised to hear it. He wrote on art, stood for the Slade Professorship, and had pictures hung in the Royal Academy. Can it be that he was our greatest recent art critic? Really, it would seem that this testimonial comes, like Hamlet's deceased parent, in a very questionable shape. Perhaps we had better agree, first that Butler had no "department," and next that "greatness"—the quality of Shakespeare, Rembrandt and Beethoven—should not be applied to men on the slight scale of Butler. With these deductions made, the rest of Mr. Shaw's encomium is true. Butler certainly wrote in the latter half of the nineteenth century.

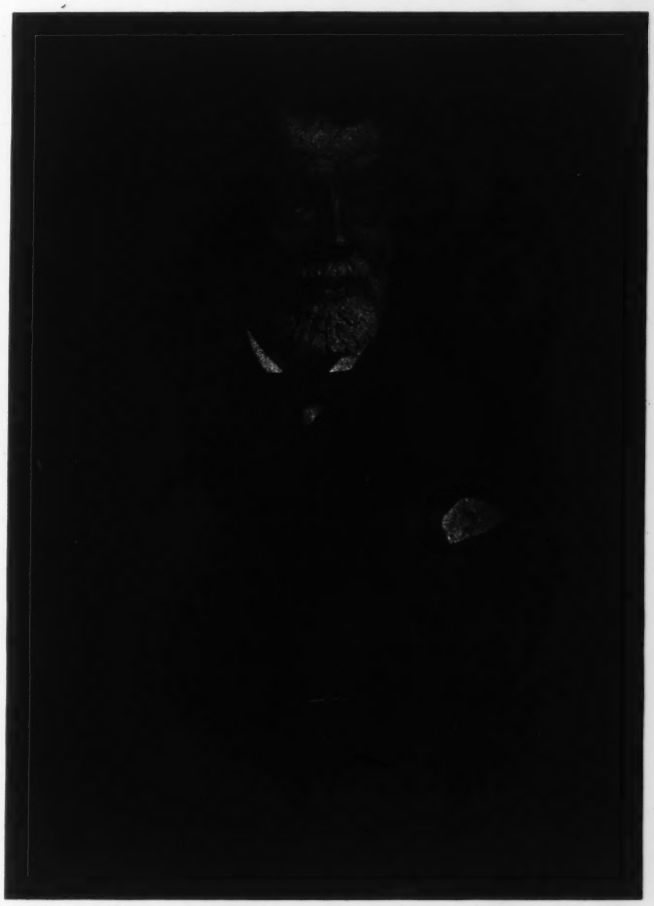
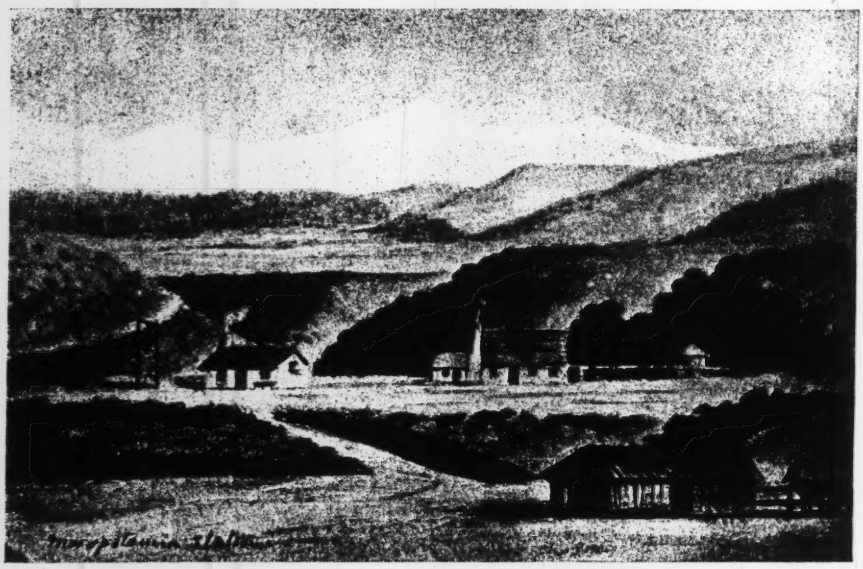


Photo by Alfred Emery Cathie, 1898. **Samuel Butler.**

Frontispiece to "The Note Books of Samuel Butler." (A. C. Fifield.)
Reproduced by permission of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild.

If we must deal in superlatives, I should suggest that Butler's most valuable and most perilous gift was his inspired irreverence. The worth of such a quality is as real as its danger. Nothing is more cleansing and stimulating than courageous dissent; nothing is more stupidly imitable than oddity. A sleepy acquiescence in whatever is, an unquestioning assent to everything put forward with an air of authority, will surely petrify nations and individuals alike. Butler was a born heretic. He lived when what was called Science had been set up in antagonism to what was called Religion. People gave up swallowing Jonah and took to swallowing Spencer instead. If a preacher said that God was all-seeing and all-loving, they were properly derisive; but if a professor said that all existence was a blind struggle ending in the survival of the fittest, they were highly reverential. Now Butler was not one of those people. He had not abandoned priests in order to be imposed upon by professors. If he wrote ruthlessly about the Resurrection, he wrote just as ruthlessly about Evolution; and his consequent unpopularity can be imagined. In the latter half of the nineteenth century you were taken up by the Church if you wrote against Science, and championed by Science if you wrote against Religion. Butler questioned the dogmas of both parties, and was damned all round. Perhaps the whole thing is now more historical than vital in interest. We still profess and call ourselves Christians, even in Germany. The "survival of the

fittest" has itself been found unfit to survive. Existence, so far from being the state of blind antagonism depicted by the disciples of Darwin, seems, if we are to accept Reinheimer's theory of symbiogenesis, to be something like a super-coöperative society on the cosmic scale. Butler's contributions to the controversy will at least be always lively and readable, which is more than can be said for the others. Perhaps, too, they may retain some scientific value. Professor Hartog, a very competent person in such matters, seems to think so. Anyhow, Butler, who inclined to Erasmus Darwin (eighteenth century), and disagreed in some respects with Charles Darwin (nineteenth century), has now been publicly acknowledged by Francis Darwin (twentieth century), before the whole British Association in solemn conclave assembled. And in Dublin, too, so near to Belfast! Rest, rest, perturbéd spirit of Tyndall!



Mesopotamia Station.

Butler's homestead at Christchurch, New Zealand.
Reproduced, by permission of the author, from "Five Years in New Zealand, 1859–1864," by Robert B. Booth. (J. G. Hammond & Co.)

Butler's insistence on thinking his own thoughts was not limited to matters of science. He was a heretic in art and literature as well. As became a classic, he flew to Greek for support. In the artists he disliked he found only "gnosis"; in the few he liked he found "agapee." If we call "gnosis" "technique" and "agapee" "charm," we shall get roughly near the relevant meaning. The distinction may sound pretty in theory; in practice, however, Butler's appreciation came to this sort of thing:

"As for the old masters, the better plan would be never even to look at one of them, and to consign Raffaelle, along with Plato, Marcus Aurelius Antoninus, Dante, Goethe, and two others, neither of them Englishmen, to limbo, as the Seven Humbugs of Christendom."

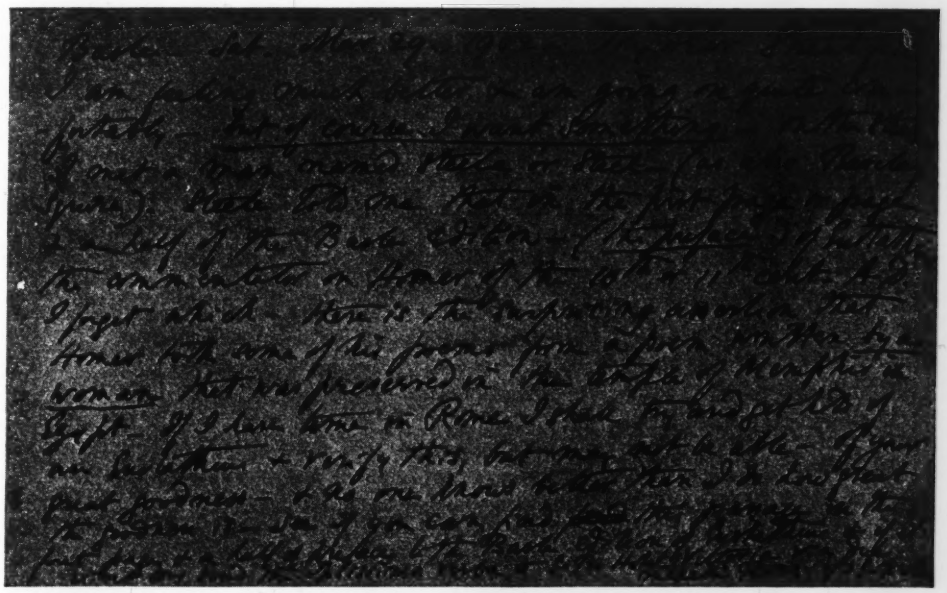
Here is another summary damnation:

"Talking it over, we agreed that Blake was no good because he learned Italian at sixty in order to study Dante, and we know Dante was no good because he was so fond of Virgil, and Virgil was no good because Tennyson ran him, and as for Tennyson—well, Tennyson goes without saying."

He disliked Dickens, and held it a crime that the novelist was buried in the Abbey next to Handel. He not only thought that Handel was the greatest of all musicians—a possible view, but he thought as well that all other musicians whatsoever were negligible. Of Bach he says:

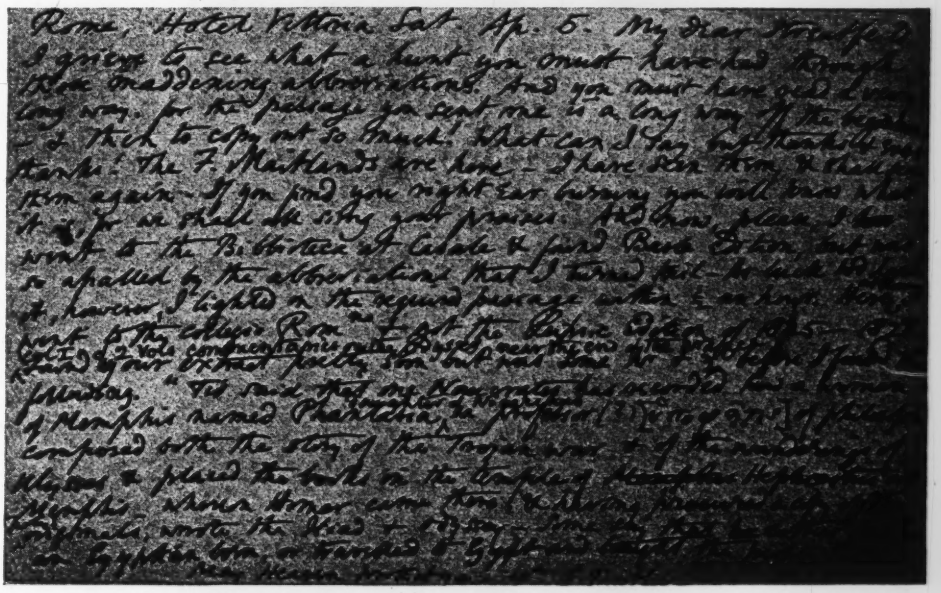
"It is imputed to him for righteousness that he goes over the heads of the general public and appeals mainly to musicians. But the greatest men do not go over the heads of the masses, they take them rather by the hand."

Butler had apparently never seen or heard anything of the vast crowds of "general public" who throng St. Paul's to hear the "Matthew Passion" in Lent as eagerly as they stay away from Brahms's "Requiem" in Advent. Believing as I do, with firm conviction, that the work of Beethoven is almost the noblest treasure bequeathed by a man to mankind, I can scarcely keep my temper, sometimes, with the critic who, professing to be a musician, could obtusely dismiss Beethoven with contempt as "sickly and maudlin." Still, these views must be borne with, as they were the opinions of one whose intellectual honesty was unimpeachable. Better by far these genuine heresies than all the stock judgments and sham enthusiasms about art. The late Poet Laureate once wrote an article deploring the decay of authority in criticism and the substitution of mere personal opinions. As if criticism, honest criticism, could be anything other than personal opinion! Did he expect us to admire by platoons and gush in sections, at the word of command from someone with a Court appointment? Appreciation must be a personal matter, or it is dishonest. We can learn much by considering the views of others, but we have no more right to appropriate a man's opinions than we have to appropriate his purse. Butler's irreverence is a wholesome corrective of the unhealthy passivity and mechanical enthusiasm that Academies tend to induce. But we must be careful with this valuable remedy. It may be worth a guinea a box, but not as an article of diet. There is something even worse than imitation enthusiasm, and that is imitation heresy. Budding lawyers, we are told, used to imitate Sir Thomas More's way of wearing his gown, and thought they were on the road to the Woolsack. So silly young people imitate Butler's antipathies and think they are clever enough to write another "Erewhon." Quite possibly there is a rarefied height of culture at which Dante seems despicable; but it is generally safe to assume that, when a man can see nothing in a poet



Postcard from
Samuel Butler
to
Mr. R. A. Streatfeild,
written at
Basle,
March 29, 1902.

Postcard from
Samuel Butler
to
Mr. R. A. Streatfeild,
written at
Rome,
April 5, 1902.



Postcard from
Samuel Butler
to
Mr. R. A. Streatfeild,
written at
Naples,
May 15, 1902.

These postcards, written shortly before Butler's death, are reproduced in facsimile by permission of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild.

of world-fame, it is not he who is above the poet, but the poet who is above him. To scoff is always easier than to understand, and derision itself invites suspicion. When a man professes to find everything in Homer and Handel, and nothing in Milton and Mozart, we should begin to ask not only what his condemnation is worth, but what his appreciation is worth. If you find nothing but "gnosis" in Bach, can you really find "agapee" in Handel? The duffers are always with the scoffers. When a cultivated man derides Milton, he has the hearty support of the uncultivated many who deride all poetry. Any fools can say that they can't bear Beethoven—and certainly most fools can't. Butler earned the right to be eccentric. Him we can abide; it is the imitation Butlers who are intolerable. Butler admired Homer and despised Tennyson. The proper sequel to this is not the Butlerette who also admires Homer and despises Tennyson, but a man like Upton Sinclair, who despises Homer and prefers Sienciewicz. Butler himself must be treated in the Butlerian manner. He must be challenged and suspected, never taken blindly as a prophet. The famous chapter on machines in "Erewhon" is at once an example and a warning. The argument seems flawless. Every objection the puzzled reader can urge appears to be anticipated and answered. Yet he knows quite well that the author is pulling his leg. In this instance, the ingenuity of the argument is refuted by the patent absurdity of the conclusion. But other cases will not always be so clear. The author who so cleverly proves that a dead machine is a living entity may just as cleverly—and falsely—prove that a living lion is a dead donkey.

Butler's heterodoxy came aptly from a man full of personal oddity and highly irrational rationality. Look at the portrait in that fine volume of the "Note Books," and mark there a sad lucidity of soul mingling (as best it can) with a sense of cosmic absurdity. He said himself of "Erewhon" that, in the language of the stud, it was by "Analogy" out of "Hudibras." We might go further and suggest that the author of "Erewhon" was by Voltaire out of Virtue, by Mephistopheles out of Margaret; though to rebuke such impiety we have the indubitable fact that his father was a canon and his grandfather a bishop. It is not necessary for me to say anything about his actual life, because everyone interested in Butler either has read or must read two books containing all the vital facts—his own novel "The Way of All Flesh," and the volume called "The Humour of Homer," with its most excellent biographical preface by Henry Festing Jones, Butler's friend and fellow hobby-horseman.

"The Way of All Flesh" is an important tractate imperfectly disguised as a story. It is autobiography with a purpose and criticism with a vengeance. Readers who care to see how much Mr. Bernard Shaw is indebted to Butler, and how clumsily he has disposed of his pickings, should read in close succession "The Way of All Flesh," and the treatise on parents and children prefixed to "Misalliance." Butler's book is a valuable piece of social history illustrated in three generations of the Pontifex family. With fine restraint of power—and some occasional exaggeration of line—he draws such a picture of the stupid repression in a strict religious home and the wasteful, inutile education at a big public school, as amounts to a telling and unforgettable indictment. He describes what he knew and had suffered. When he attacked the "hypothetical language" in "Erewhon," he wrote with the authority of one who had come out twelfth in the Classical Tripos. When Bagehot uttered his famous gibe that public schoolboys derive, from the pain and suffering of several years, not exactly an acquaintance with Greek and Latin, but a firm conviction that there are such languages, he had the familiarity with that kind of education proper to one who took honours in classics at London. But arguing from knowledge is not Mr. Shaw's way. He prefers to lose his temper and draw upon his fury for facts. He does not write about the schools he knows (if there are any), but, with shrieking omniscience, he indicts all parents as tyrants, all homes as prisons, all schools as chambers of horrors, and all teachers as scoundrels indulging an obscene lust for child torture. Butler by restraint, made his picture terrible; Shaw, by excess, makes himself ridiculous.

Butler, too, failed a little in sense of proportion towards the end of his life. "Erewhon Revisited" has found some to praise it, but very few to love it. The original satire is a masterpiece of economy; the sequel fails to recapture the first fine careful rapture of its predecessor. Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, Butler's literary executor, thinks the later book a better work of art. I can only record my disagreement. "Erewhon" itself is certainly not all of a piece; but its parts are at least all high in quality. "Erewhon Revisited" is just as patchy, and its parts are sometimes very poor in quality. The farce of Hanky, Panky, Balmy and Downie simply doesn't fit on to the sentiment of Yram and George, and the satirical element is very like sheer burlesque. "Erewhon" might have been modelled on the best of Swift; "Erewhon Revisited" seems copied from bad imitations of Lewis Carroll. We all know that sequels usually fail to live up to their forerunners, but at the worst they carry on the story. The sequel to "Erewhon" is unsuccessful because, literally, it doesn't succeed. Its hero is a different person pretending to be the same, and struggling to blend imitations of the original character with his new rôles of Don Juan, mental degenerate, pavement artist and heavy father. "Erewhon Revisited" is as much below "Erewhon" as "The Merry Wives of Windsor" is below "Henry IV." Butler was sometimes the victim of his own inventiveness. His "works" impeded his faith. That almost fiendishly clever book "The Fair Haven" is overweighted by an elaborate mechanism of irony; in "Erewhon" the wheels creak, but they go round; in "Erewhon Revisited" the machinery grinds out very small irony, having ground itself by this time into very old iron.

I must pass with the briefest possible mention over other aspects of Butler—his prose, so clean and clear in its best moments, his gift of inspired misquotation, and his humour, strangely akin to that of Mark Twain. The verses (collected in the "Note Books") do not call for extended comment. "The Righteous Man" is good, though rather heavily outlined; but no praise can be too high for the "Psalm of Montreal," a poem really unique in the power of invective concealed beneath

its apparently harmless humour. "Alps and Sanctuaries," that wisest of holiday books, with its jolly little pictures, is a pure delight. It was published in 1881. In 1882 appeared "Swiss Letters and Alpine Poems by the late Frances Ridley Havergal"—a lady whose poetry on Christmas and Memorial cards has attained what must surely be the largest circulation in the world. The reader who wants some fun pleasantly mingled with instruction should read these two volumes together. What Butler revolted from will be shown with greater emphasis.

Butler can never be a popular writer. His admirers will always be few, so they must make up in discretion what they lack in numbers. In particular they must beware of trying to atone for past neglect by present adulation. Butler is not one of the great beacons of human progress, and it is stupid to pretend that he is. Yet, though he is a lesser luminary, he casts a very clear light in some very dim places. He is valuable even in his negations. The spirit that denieth is invidiously assigned dominion in the lower regions; but denial is an inseparable part of affirmation. It is part of the Power, not always understood, that seems to will the Bad, and often works the Good. Mankind needs the critical spirit as well as the missionary spirit. Butler said "nay" that men might utter a wiser "yea." In all that he wrote there is invincible moral courage. He had many crotchets, but he was innocent of quavers. He had (he complained) to steal his own birthright, and was bitterly punished; but he saved his soul alive. He refused, at a great cost, to accept the Church's ordination, but nevertheless he was all his life a man upon whom invisible hands had been laid. He might disdain sermons, but he never ceased to preach. He might attack dogma, but he was always dogmatic. In Samuel Butler there was a dash of Uncle Toby, a deal of Puck, some Zadig, of Quixote not a little, and very much indeed of the Shorter Catechist.

THE WIFE OF CHARLES DARWIN.*

By S. Butterworth.

CHARLES DARWIN and his wife, who was also his cousin, were the grandchildren of men famous in their day: Erasmus Darwin, physician and poet, whose "Loves of the Plants" was so happily burlesqued by Canning, Frere and Ellis in their "Loves of the Triangles," which appeared in the *Antijacobin*; and Josiah Wedgwood, the celebrated potter of Etruria, near Burslem, in Staffordshire, who employed as his designer of the "Wedgwood Ware" the sculptor Flaxman. Emma Wedgwood's father and uncle (Josiah and Thomas) were closely associated with another great man, the poet Coleridge, whose benefactors they were, for it was they who for his encouragement generously allotted to him an annuity of £150 unconditionally; though it was rather highhandedly stopped by Josiah Wedgwood

* "Emma Darwin: A Century of Family Letters, 1792–1896." Edited by her daughter, Henrietta Litchfield. 2 vols. 21s. net. (John Murray.)

S. Pancrazio, Taormina.

From a hitherto unpublished water-colour by Samuel Butler. The original is the property of Mr. R. A. Streatfeild, Butler's literary executor, who kindly lent it for reproduction.

shortly after the death of his brother in 1805, after its continuance for some seven years. With one exception, however, there is no mention of Coleridge in the correspondence during his lifetime, and that merely a passing reference to one of his works, "The Statesman's Manual: A Lay Sermon." Subsequently, when the name appears in one or other of the letters of the many correspondents, it is to receive some slighting or disparaging comment. After the glamour of his personality diminished, his genius appears to have been forgotten when his lamentable moral weaknesses were recalled to mind. To make up, however, for Coleridge's practical non-appearance in the pages of Mrs. Litchfield's interesting work, there is a delectable account of the meeting of Wordsworth with his enemy Jeffrey, doubly welcome from the circumstance that it is, I believe, new. Writing to her aunt, Madame Sismondi, wife of the celebrated Swiss historian, Elizabeth Wedgwood tells her that

"Fanny had a grand dinner yesterday: Bishop Copleston, Sir T. Denman . . . Jeffrey . . . There was a party in the evening, too, which was made memorable by bringing Wordsworth and Jeffrey together. When Sir James [Mackintosh] proposed to Mr. Wordsworth to introduce them to one another he did not agree to it. 'We are fire and water,' he said, 'and if we meet we shall only hiss —besides, he has been doing his utmost to destroy me.' 'But he has not succeeded,' Sir James said, 'and he really is one of your greatest admirers,' and upon that he took Mr. Wordsworth by the shoulders and turned him round to Jeffrey, and left them together. They immediately began talking, and Sir James came, very proud to tell us what he had done, and to fetch us to see them; and Mr. Wordsworth looked very happy and complacent. Mr. Lockhart said it was the best thing he ever saw done. The two enemies liked one another's company so much that, when the rest of the party broke up at past eleven, they remained talking together with Sir James, discussing poets, orators and novelists, till one o'clock, with Mr. Sheil listening with all his ears, and Mr. Empson and Fanny and Uncle Baugh as audience. I, alas, was obliged to carry my head to bed. Sir James enjoyed his two hours' talk very much."

The meeting took place in 1831. Six years after this, Crabb Robinson notes in his Diary, under date August 17, 1837:

"Empson related [during a breakfast at Rogers'] that Jeffrey had lately told him that so many people had thought highly of Wordsworth, that he resolved to re-peruse his poems and see if he had anything to retract. Empson, I believe, did not end his anecdote; he had before said to me that Jeffrey, having done so, found nothing to retract, except, perhaps, a contemptuous and flippant phrase or two. Empson says, he believed Jeffrey's distaste for Wordsworth to be honest—mere uncongeniality of mind. Talfourd, who is now going to pay Jeffrey a visit, says the same."

The Sir James Mackintosh mentioned in the first citation was Emma Darwin's uncle by marriage, having married her aunt, Catherine Allen, for his second wife. At first in favour of the French Revolution when he wrote his "Vindiciæ Gallicæ" in answer to Burke's "Reflections on the French Revolution," he became afterwards its opponent, for which change of view he was looked upon as an apostate, and as such was victimised by Charles Lamb in a famous political epigram:

"Though thou'rt like Judas, an apostate black,
In the resemblance one thing thou dost lack:
When he had gotten his ill-purchased pelf,
He went away, and wisely hanged himself.
This thou may'st do at last; yet much I doubt
If thou hast any *bowels* to gush out!"

Many an interesting individual flits across the pages. Thomas Carlyle and his wife—Charles Darwin's opinion of the latter was, "It is high treason, but I cannot think that Jenny is either quite natural or ladylike"—Madame de Stael, Queen Hortense, Sydney Smith, Mazzini—with whom Carlyle had an "amusing dispute" about Beethoven's music—Samuel Rogers, and others too numerous to mention.

The second volume, which greatly enhances the cumulative interest of this attractive work, is devoted chiefly to the happy family life of Charles and Emma Darwin and their children. In spite of the great naturalist's concentration on the research which formed his life's work, and which was carried out during years of ill-health, his devotion to his wife and family was a beautiful trait in his character, and was amply repaid by the answering love of all his children. When his epoch-making books, "The Origin of Species" and "The Descent of Man," made their appearance and he was the most execrated man in the kingdom, it must have been ample solace to this sweet-natured soul—if, that is, he was hurt by the vituperation of the unthinking and ignorant public, and there is no evidence that he was affected by it—to be so loved and revered by his family as he was. In these storm-tossed times it is no little relief to take up these charming volumes, with their atmosphere of peace and, for a dream-while at least, to forget the terrible upheaval that is to make or mar us.

THE BOOKMAN PRIZE COMPETITIONS.

AUGUST, 1915.

Answers to these competitions (each on a separate sheet bearing the name and address of the sender) should be forwarded not later than the 14th of the month to

"The Prize Page," THE BOOKMAN, Messrs. Hodder & Stoughton, Warwick Square, E.C.

Colonial and foreign readers please note that Competitions II., IV. and V. are the same each month, and that for the next two months the 1st prize will be for the best original lyric.

SPECIAL NOTICE.—*Competitors must please keep copies of their verses; the Editor cannot undertake to return them.*

I.—A PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA is offered for the best original lyric.

II.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best quotation from English verse applicable to any review or the name of any author or book appearing in this number of THE BOOKMAN. Preference will be given to quotations of a humorous nature.

III.—A PRIZE OF THREE NEW BOOKS is offered for the best tribute to General Botha in four or eight lines of original verse.

IV.—A PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA is offered for the best review, in not more than one hundred words, of any recently published book. Competitors should give the names of Authors and Publishers at head of review.

V.—A copy of THE BOOKMAN will be sent *post free* for *twelve months* to the sender of the best suggestion for THE BOOKMAN Competitions. The Editor reserves the right to use any suggestion submitted.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS FOR JULY.

I.—The PRIZE OF ONE GUINEA for the best original lyric is awarded to Mona Douglas, of Ballarragh, Laxey, Isle of Man, for the following:

THE STOLEN CHILD.

Did the fairies see the gleaming of her little sun-browned feet
Running through the rushy claddaghs in the mornings daisy-sweet?
Did they think her childish laughter, ringing out along the shore,
Sweeter music than the wave-beats and the wind's long roar?

For they beckoned from the mountains, and they called her through the rain,
Till her heart went out to answer them, and came not home again;
And they drew her o'er the silver path that leads across the sea
Till her eyes were cold with moonshine, and her spirit free.

Now the shepherds hear her singing on the hills at break of day—
And the sadness of all ages chrystalises in her lay—
Or the fishers see the glimmer, far across the rocky steep,
Of a moon-white Form that wanders by the homeless deep. . . .

I have heard the Howlaa moaning out among the drifting spars,
And Ben Varrey's wildest music winding up among the stars;
I have seen the roaming spirits on the lonely, wind-swept hill—
But the stolen Child of Maughold, she is sadder still!

We also select for printing:

FAERYLAND.

There's magic afoot in Cornwall,
As you, who are Cornwall's, know,
For she twines your heart in her fingers,
And never can let you go.

You may think to forget in the city,
But a hurdy-gurdy's strain,
A beautiful face, a colour,
Or lamps that swing in the rain—

And the old, strange spell is on you,
And the world shrinks to be
A green cliff in Cornwall,
A green cliff and the sea.

(Brenda Duncan, Park House, Croydon.)

"MISSING."

When the anxious hearts say "Where?"
He doth answer "In My care."

"Is it life or is it death?"
"Wait," He whispers. "Child, have faith!"

"Did they need love's tenderness?"
"Is there love like Mine to bless?"

"Were they frightened at the last?"
"No, the sting of death is past."

"Did a thought of 'Home-Love' rise?"
"I looked down thro' Mother-eyes."

"Saviour, tell us, where are they?"
"In My keeping, night and day."

"Tell us, tell us, how it stands."
"None shall pluck them from My Hands."

(Ivan Adair, 54, Palmerston Road, Dublin.)

Three competitors have sent us didactic poems, each about a hundred lines in length; two or three have sent sonnets that are not lyrical. These are, of course, disqualified. The best of the numerous other lyrics received are those by Joyce Tompkins (Catford), E. A. Potter (Birmingham), Vivien Ford (Bristol), B. C. Hardy (Eastbourne), Rev. T. Sefton (Bangalore), Constance Kew (Ashton-on-Mersey), Kathleen W. Coales (Market Harborough), Jessie Jackson (Beverley), D. N. Dalglish (Wandsworth), Carol Ring (Birmingham), Marjorie Crosbie (Wolverhampton), Ada M. Hudson (London, W.), Mrs. Oliver Lodge (Norwood), Diana Royds (Bournemouth), M. P. Noel (London, S.W.), Duncan W. Johnson (Ontario), Kathleen Birch (Bexhill), Hylda C. Cole (Kilmalcolm), Catharine Mary Ritchie (Merthsham), W. Siebenhaar (W. Australia), Dorothy M. Bunn (Hull), Evelina Ida San Garde (Accrington), V. D. Goodwin (Gillingham), Alex C. Welsh (Victoria, Australia), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), M. E. Kennedy (Ranelagh), B. M. Wills (King's Lynn), Helen W. Brock (Rondebosch, S.A.), Susannah Phipps (Croydon), Isabel Gray (Luton), Mrs. Monypenny (Billinghurst), E. T. Sandford (Saltash), W. M. Thorp (Nottingham), Phyllis Marks (London, N.W.), Peggy Grant (Southbourne), Marjorie Fleming (Strathbungo), Annie M. Birch (Hull), J. E. Beamsley (Bradford), Isabel Davies (Liverpool), Hilda Trevelyan Thompson (Middlesborough), Emily Kington (Blairgowrie), Peggie Lawford (Newton Abbot), Ethel Webster (St. Helens), May O'Rourke (Dorchester), E. C. L. (Birmingham), Frank G. Greenwood (Bingley), Margaret A. Layton (Redditch), George Duncan Grey (Weston-super-Mare), E. Burgess (Douglas), E. R. L. (Durham), Stella Beaumont (Wimbledon), J. R. Ellaway (Basingstoke), J. A. Bellchambers (Highgate), Violet D. Chapman (Burnham), M. Crowther (Bradford), C. P. F. Ferrier (Glasgow), C. S. (Hackney), Irene Harrison (London, S.W.), Jean Stewart (Glasgow), Ethel Ashton Edwards (Cambridge).

Drawn by C. Gogin. **Inn of S. Ambrogio.**

The two small figures on the steps are Butler and Mr. Festing Jones. From "Alps and Sanctuaries of Piedmont and Canton Ticino," by Samuel Butler (Fifield).

II.—The PRIZE OF HALF A GUINEA for the best quotation is awarded to Charles Powell, of 67, Dickinson Road, Manchester, for the following:

TWO PATHS OF CONTEMPLATION.
REVIEW BY A. E. WAITE.

"I loöked cock-eyed at my noäse."
TENNYSON, *The Northern Cobbler.*

We also select for printing

A MAN WITH NINE LIVES. BY R. MARSH.
(Ward, Lock.)

"To one who to tradition clings
This seems an awkward state of things."
W. S. GILBERT, *Bab Ballads.*

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forester Road, Bath.)

TWO SINNERS. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

"I blush to say I've winked at him,
And he has winked at me."
W. S. Gilbert, *Gentle Alice Brown.*

(Muriel Pinch, Wood's Place, Battle, Sussex.)

TWO SINNERS. By Mrs. David G. Ritchie. (Smith, Elder.)

"When these are guests I bolt the door
With 'Not at Home' to any one."
Thomas Bailey Aldrich.

(Miss E. F. Parr, 62, Clifton Park Road, Clifton, Bristol.)

MR. WASHINGTON. By Marjorie Bowen. (Methuen.)

'Truth from his lips prevail'd with double sway."
Goldsmith, *The Deserted Village.*

(Ernest A. Fuller, 10, The Circus, Greenwich, S.E.)

THE TURBULENT DUCHESS. By Percy Brebner. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

". . . was gone, and the Duke was glad of it."
Browning, *The Flight of the Duchess.*

(Miss D. N. Dalglish, 19, Nicosia Road, Wandsworth Common, S.W.)

III.—The Prize of Three New Books for the best limerick beginning "If I were the Kaiser——" is awarded to Miss Schill, Croston Towers, Alderley Edge, Cheshire, for the following:

If I were the Kaiser, I'd say,
'Eat, drink, and be merry; you may
Know the rest of the saying—
It's quite well worth laying
To heart, if at Tyrant you'd play.'

The best six out of the very large and varied number of limericks sent in are written by S. M. Isaacson (Campden Hill), C. Ransom (Torquay), Doris Dean (Bromley), G. F. A. Salmon (Penzance), Albert E. Barnes (Beaconsfield), W. Hodgson Burnet (Kensington).

IV.—The Prize of Half a Guinea for the best review in not more than a hundred words is awarded to the Rev. J. Napier Milne, of 19, Holyrood Crescent, Glasgow, W., for the following:

HUGH: MEMOIRS OF A BROTHER. By A. C. Benson. (Smith, Elder.)

Religious biographies are apt to be "goody," and written by one of the family they usually tend to err on the side of tribute. Here we have, not a full, but a faithful life of Monsignor Robert Hugh Benson. The limitations and deficiencies of the strong man are delicately portrayed. Withal. it is a finely-gifted soul that we see, extraordinarily intense, one to whom nothing matters but religion and its outward æsthetic expression. Mr. Benson has often delighted us when the congenial theme has been himself: he pleases us not less when the subject is a brother beloved.

We also select for printing:

BROTHER-IN-LAW TO POTTS. By Parry Truscott. (Werner Laurie.)

It is said "romance is the commonplace with a halo round it," an apt description of this charming story—clever in characterisation, in its picture of suburban life, which tells of the fortunes of a bank clerk, one of thousands—true to type—but with a heart of gold. So sympathetic is the writing, incongruities do not obtrude themselves, and we become absorbed in the brother-in-law to Potts, pursuing his pathetic, unselfish way, seeking inspiration from the star of love—alas, unattainable—to find at, long last, happiness if not romance, in the commonplace. How much better the original title "Such is Life."

(Lucy Chamberlain, Plas Brith, Llandudno.)

ORDEAL BY BATTLE. By Frederick Scott Oliver. (Macmillan & Co.).

Amongst multitudes of war books, "Ordeal by Battle" stands out because of much originality and clear thinking. Mr. Oliver deprecates dreams of inevitable and speedy victory. He also dwells on the folly of treating our nation as if we were children, and wheedling us with half-truths. He says that if the whole case can be put unflinchingly it is not the people who will flinch. The issue may be left with safety to a tribunal which has never yet failed in its duty, when rulers have had the courage to say where its duty lay.

(Irene Harrison, 18, Nevern Place, Earl's Court, S.W.)

WHO GOES THERE? By R. W. Chambers. (Appletons.)

If Mr. Chambers's book is any guide to New York sentiment, then America is with us in this war, in soul if not in body. The scenes of the story are laid in Belgium, Holland, England and France, and excitement and adventure are rife. The German spy system is ruthlessly exposed; one is forced to admire the ingenuity of the agents. Kurt is a delightful hero, and though Karen is a little forward for a modest maiden, their romance makes most enjoyable reading.

(Irene Pollock Lalonde, 14, Forrester Road, Bath.)

We also select for special commendation the twenty reviews sent in by Rev. H. Chaplin (Handsworth), H. Calvert (Victoria, B.C.), J. A. S. Wilson (Bridge of Allan), Gordon Fletcher (Erdington), Agnes E. M. Baker (Kilburn), D. O. Teale (Worcester Park), M. A. Newman (Brighton), Millie A. Parker (Auckland, N.Z.), Rolanda Hirst (Wexford), A. L. Balasubramanian (Madras), Sybilla Stirling (Glenfarg), Alix Hoare (Codford St. Mary), Janet Kendal (Pickering), W. M. Lodge (Norwood), Florence Parsons (Altrincham), Bernard Spencer (London, S.E.), A. E. Gowers (Haverhill), Eric Gillett (Cheshire), H. M. Barrow (Hastings), G. D. (Belfast), Lettie Cole (Pontrilas), H. J. Taylor (Ramsgate), Hedley V. Storey (London, N.W.), Miss J. A. Jenkins, (Birmingham.)

V.—The Prize of One Year's Subscription to The Bookman is awarded to G. M. Northcott, of Virniew Bank, York Road, Colwyn Bay, N. Wales.

New Books.

SINCERITY AND ART.*

It revives one's faith in the permanence of ideas that, at a time like the present, when all the spiritual truths in which we had learnt to put our trust appear to be in process of dissolution, there should still be men left with leisure and confidence to discuss the principles of art and their relation to life. No one, of course, could ever doubt that these are the permanent things of life, surviving the demolition of kingdoms, and the succession of races. Plato and Aristotle are as vital to-day as they were 2,000 years ago. But in the present welter of emotions the mind seems forcibly divorced from all the ideals of art; and Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Sturge Moore deserve the gratitude of all thinking people for carrying us back into the world of ideas, and for reminding us once more that the spirit of beauty may indeed be obscured for the moment in the bitter life of man, but can never for long be absent from his heart or his aspiration.

Here are two little books, then, modest in size, but penetrating in insight, which seek to explain the meaning of æsthetic pleasure, and its influence upon man's soul and circumstances. Mr. Bernard Bosanquet's contribution takes the form of a series of lectures, delivered at University College, London, last autumn; and it may be said, by way of a general distinction, that his survey of taste is rather esoteric and philosophic, while Mr. Sturge Moore's is mainly technical and artistic. The one in short is the view of the theorist, and the other of the practical worker; and the two strengthen and supplement one another in a thoroughly interesting and profitable fashion. Where, asks Mr. Bosanquet, is the æsthetic attitude to be found? And he proceeds to lay down, as a working axiom, that æsthetic pleasure is stable, relevant, common: that is to

* "Three Lectures on Æsthetic." By Bernard Bosanquet. 3s. 6d. net. (Macmillan.)—"Hark to These Three." By Sturge Moore. 1s. 6d. net. (Elkin Mathews.)

say, it will be found to recur with the revival of the stimulating circumstances: it is related to some appreciable object; and it can be communicated from mind to mind. It is imaginative and creative—a form of spiritual expression. But æsthetic pleasure, on the other hand, is not a kind of opiate dream, dulling the senses: nor is it a vision of faerie. The true lover of the beautiful must come home from fairyland into the world of simple vision and humanity. Unless he can make that return, his way is beset by pitfalls. For directly the artist yields to a deliberate, self-conscious effort towards beautiful expression, the danger of ugliness overshadows him. Hence all that false decoration of useful articles, which fills our villas with contorted monstrosities—products of a commerce which is absolutely fraudulent, since its whole object is to make things appear different from what they are. When once—as that eminent artist, Mr. C. F. A. Voysey, has been reminding the world elsewhere—when once art gives the rein to deception, beauty vanishes from the workroom. You cannot separate between art and life. Art must represent life, and interpret it. The whole world of beauty is "the individual operation of a single impulse, the same in spectator and creative artist, and best discerned when we penetrate the heart of strength and greatness under the veil of commonplace destiny or tragic collision."

Turning now to Mr. Sturge Moore, we descend from the Platonic atmosphere of theory to the Aristotelian arena of practice. Mr. Moore's brilliant little essay in criticism takes the form of a dialogue upon the secret of Style. A young writer, who has just published his first novel, is worried about his style, and consults two middle-aged men of taste and judgment. "You thought the style awful?" he asks, hoping, no doubt, for a reassuring reply. "There hardly seemed to be any," is the answer, "except for two pages." And those two pages prove to have been purely imaginary? "Of course," rejoins the critic, "art is imagination; style is happy imagination." And so ensues the discussion, old as the practice of all forms of expression: What is Style? What is Distinction? And how shall it be attained?

Mr. Sturge Moore's dialecticians go back to essentials, and arrive at the conclusion that sincerity is the one thing needful. Here they are at once allied to Mr. Bosanquet, for the art that interprets life must, first and last, be sincere. All decoration, introduced for decoration's sake—all art, in fact, "for art's sake," is so much leather and prunella. "Literature only triumphs, when it is a genuine part of life: it must not be a mere pastime." . . . "The beauty of style always makes us feel that success in the world without it is a bastard article not worth its cost." When art is sincere, it will be bound up with the very soul of life. The truth will make it free; and it will look through life and death, into the very secret of the soul.

"Art and life are so complex, so inextricably one; add courage to intelligence, to imagination add taste—add rectitude, all is nothing without enthusiasm and still nothing without patience; and keeping the whole warm, you will be so much the more likely to miss those moments of contented poise in which a thing comes off. Yet only life in art trains a man's heart and brain to work together, renders failure as fruitful as victory, transforms contact with the best from knowledge into very being, and never leaves him zestless, however spent or humbled it lay him in the grave."

We began by saying that such a discussion as this fell strangely on the ear at the present time; we may end with the assurance that there never was a time which stood in more earnest need of such enlightenment. A year ago the world of art and letters was full of seething affectations, the cankers of a calm world and a long peace. There came a breath of reality, blowing across the fields of strife, and scattered all such rubbish to the winds. And when the tempest sinks down again, the ground will have been cleared of many obstacles. The simplicity of beauty will then be much easier to appreciate than it was before. And with simplicity will come happiness. For, as Goethe says: "The more that this beauty penetrates the being of a mind, seeming to be of one origin with it, so that the mind can tolerate nothing else, and produce nothing else, so much the happier is the artist."

ARTHUR WAUGH.

ONCE MORE, MR. SHAW!*

When in doubt, say the theatrical managers, produce *East Lynne!* When in doubt, say the publishers, print a book on Mr. Shaw! I do not know how many books on G. B. S. have already been published, but here are two, one full of adulation, one full of abuse, to add to their number. I have read every book on Mr. Shaw that has been printed. Most of them are dull, as dull, for example, as M. Augustin Hamon's comparison of G. B. S. to Molière, and some of them are absolutely silly; but none of them more so than Mr. Owen's "Common Sense About The Shaw." He is clearly a devoted pursuer of Mr. Shaw. He has read every little paragraph on Mr. Shaw that has ever appeared in print. Mr. Owen knows what Mr. Shaw said to the Ancoats Brotherhood "some years ago." He can tell you what Mr. Shaw was saying in 1904 (which is probably more than Mr. Shaw can do). He can tell you not only what Mr. Shaw has said ever since Mr. Shaw began to talk, but he can tell you what other people have said about what Mr. Shaw said. If a Prussian professor has ever said a word on Mr. Shaw, Mr. Owen knows all about it. Let an American professor speak his mind on G. B. S., and instantly Mr. Owen makes a note of it in his little book. He is, in short, a Shavian Datas, memorising all the Shavianalia he can discover.

The book is ostensibly a reply to Mr. Shaw's "Common Sense About the War." In reality, it is a futile exhibition

* "Bernard Shaw: The Twentieth-Century Molière." By Augustin Hamon. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. 7s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)—"Common Sense About The Shaw." By Harold Owen. 2s. 6d. net. (George Allen & Unwin.)

G. Bernard Shaw in his study.

By Max Beerbohm.
Reproduced by permission of the artist.

of mud-slinging. Mr. Shaw's pamphlet on the war was open to strong criticism, but this hysterical sludge never comes within a thousand miles of strong criticism. The author's contentions are (1) that Mr. Shaw is of no importance, and (2) that his pamphlet does not contain any sound arguments. The war, it appears, destroyed Mr. Shaw's reputation, and therefore he started to make a fresh one by publishing "Common Sense About the War." He failed to do so. Nobody took any interest in the pamphlet. Hardly anyone, except Mr. Owen, read it, and so, since Mr. Shaw had failed to make a fresh reputation, it became necessary for Mr. Owen to set up a reputation for him, and then knock it down again. I should have thought any rational man would have known that it was not necessary to write a two-and-sixpenny book to destroy the already destroyed reputation of a man of no importance.

The following is a specimen of Mr. Owen's style:

"We [the English] go serenely on, the politest race on earth, the most successful and, I venture to believe, not the least honourable. But we tolerate, and by our toleration positively encourage, all these criticisms, because we have rather a higher standard of conduct than most other races!"

When Professor Ostwald and Professor Adolf Lasson and Herr Richard Doorman and General von Disfurth wrote in similarly silly terms about the Germans, Mr. Owen described them, most politely, as "flat-footed and crude," and he, most politely, refers to Mr. Shaw throughout his book as "the Shaw." What a Prussian professor this Owen would have made!

M. Hamon, who has translated Mr. Shaw's plays into French, works out a theory to show that Mr. Shaw's model and influence is Molière. M. Anatole France, when he was in London a year or so ago, publicly addressed Mr. Shaw as "the English Molière." I do not doubt that the comparison is very interesting, but it seems to me to be of very little importance. An artist does not say to himself, "Let me see now, what style shall I follow?" Mr. Shaw, when he began to write his plays, did not take stock of Scribe, Molière, Shakespeare, Ibsen, Sardou or Dumas, and say, "Molière's my man!" Mr. Shaw wrote his plays in the way he has written them because he could not help himself, because, like Turgenev, he "simply did not know how to work otherwise." All that is but to say that Mr. Shaw is an artist: he chooses his form by instinct, not by pattern. It is the second-rate, the artisans, as Oscar Wilde called them, who write according to rule.

Mr. Edwin Pugh, in a recent issue of THE BOOKMAN, wrote that Mr. Shaw's reputation would gradually decline because his work was too topical. Had Mr. Pugh been a contemporary of Cervantes, he would probably have had a poor opinion of "Don Quixote" which is a skit on current romances, and actually contains criticisms of novels which were popular in Cervantes' day, but are now only known because Cervantes mentions them. Dickens's "Pickwick Papers" was actually begun as letterpress for Seymour's pictures! Fielding wrote "Joseph Andrews" in derision of Richardson's "Pamela." William Morris wrote "News from Nowhere" to show his contempt for Bellamy's "Looking Backward." All these books might very justly have been described by contemporary critics as "too topical to endure." But they have endured, and I suggest to Mr. Pugh that the topical parts of Mr. Shaw's work will not prevent the universal parts from interesting men's minds long after we are all dead: they may even add interest to them. I suggest, too, to Mr. Owen that a man who has provoked discussion among the nimblest minds in two continents, not for a month or a year, but for something like a decade, as Mr. Shaw has done, is not the negligible person that Mr. Owen, with great pains and at great length, tries to prove him. ST. JOHN G. ERVINE.

THE WAR LORDS.*

There are many people—and many among them do not share its politics—who buy the *Daily News* on Saturdays only, because every Saturday it contains another of Mr. A. G. Gardiner's brilliant studies on the personalities of men and women of the hour. Two collections of these have been made in "Prophets, Priests and Kings," and in "Pillars of Society," and now Mr. Gardiner makes a third and very timely collection in "The War Lords," this time limiting his choice, as the title indicates, to those essays that deal with men who are playing leading parts in the present war. Mr. Gardiner is the most careful and conscientious of limners; he neither flatters his sitters by toning down whatever is unpleasant in their features, nor is unjust to them by doing the reverse. He is no caricaturist, but a portrait painter whose one concern is to get the fullest, truest possible presentment of his subject into his work. You feel always that he is writing of what he knows; that he knows more than he reveals, and it is such reserves of knowledge that lend sureness to his outline and enable him to touch in those little intimacies of detail which are the life and soul of all true portraiture.

The striking study of President Wilson should help to subdue those who criticise him because he goes his own way and not theirs. The Kaiser's diplomats, like some of ourselves, mistook Mr. Wilson for "a timid, academic person"; but he emerges clearly and impressively in Mr. Gardiner's study of him as "a man of iron, a man with a moral passion as fervid as that of his colleague Mr. Bryan, but with that passion informed by wide knowledge and controlled by a masterful will—a quiet, still man who does not live with his ear to the ground and his eye on the weathercock, who refuses to buy popularity by infinite handshaking and robustious speech, but comes out to action from the sanctuary of his own thoughts, where principle, and not expediency, is his counsellor."

There are sympathetic, finely suggestive studies of King Albert, of General Joffre, of King Nicholas of Montenegro, of General Botha; vigorous, mercilessly searching pictures of the Kaiser, the Crown Prince, and Bernhardi; there is a masterly, impartial, somewhat sinister sketch of King Ferdinand of Bulgaria; and one that, whilst it laughs at his vanity, is full of respect and a certain liking for von Hindenburg. An admirable and informing chapter is devoted to the Asquith Cabinets and the spirit of England; there is nothing better in the book than this and the shrewd, discriminating estimates of Lord Fisher, French, Jellicoe, Sir Ian Hamilton; and one reads with peculiar interest the thumb-nail record of Sir William Robertson, "in many respects the most significant figure in the British Army."

No living writer excels Mr. Gardiner in the subtle power of analysis with which he practises this difficult art of characterisation; to say of "The War Lords" and his two other books that they are worthy of a place beside those studies Hazlitt made of some of his contemporaries in "The Spirit of the Age," is high praise—but not too high.

* "The War Lords." By A. G Gardiner. 1s. net. "The Wayfarer's Library." (Dent.)

TWO BOOKS ABOUT CANADA.

When a Canadian picks up a book which professes to give a truthful interpretation of life in the Great Dominion a quizzical smile flits across his face. If the book has been written by a visiting Englishman or a globe-trotting Scot, the Canadian's smile broadens into a grin, for he expects to find rich entertainment offered by a fly-by-night author who came and saw but did not understand. In nine cases out of ten, books on Canada written by short-term tourists who never get away from the main lines of the transcontinental railways are misleading and the cause of mirth when read by the native-born whose habits they pretend to depict.

But along comes the *rara avis*, the tenth book. The author is a Scottish woman of Stirling, Miss E. B. Mitchell.[1] She has produced a work on conditions in Western Canada that is well worth reading, because she got away from the big centres of population, away from the railway lines, and buried herself for a while in the

[1] "Western Canada Before the War." By E. B. Mitchell. 5s. net. (Murray.)

heart of the prairie country. She spent the year 1913 in North Saskatchewan and North-East Alberta, where pioneering is not yet a thing of the past. She gives a faithful picture of the joys and sorrows of the western farmer's life. She does not idealise, in fact, she goes to the other extreme in her effort to spare her old-world readers none of the realistic details which a bright-eyed body from Stirling can gather in a fairly long sojourn in a great, wide, lonely country where there is "a great deal of dish-washing with very little water." The only evil which she has forgotten to celebrate is the mosquito plague, worse in Saskatchewan than anywhere in Canada.

Although Miss Mitchell declares that the prairie farmer is engaged in a grim struggle with poverty, being discouraged by frost, drought and hail, the three furies of the West, although he is surrounded by Galicians and other undesirable neighbours, at least undesirable socially, although he and his wife have to rough it, still they live in one of the securest corners of the earth.

"Farmers' wives," says Miss Mitchell, "drive about alone in the dark across the solitudes without two thoughts." (She does not mean that they are vacant-minded, but that they have no fear of Indians or gunmen.) "If you leave your house for a few hours, it is prairie etiquette to leave the door open. The passer-by may take food and light a fire, but he ought to extinguish the fire and chop more wood before he goes. Nothing else is taken."

And the prairie towns are almost as law observing as those remote gopher fields fifty miles from the railway. In these "unfinished, toy-box wooden towns," as Miss Mitchell describes them, the natives are right up to date. The young business men tend to grow bald, but they dress very neatly, and all drive motor cars. Their wives are such efficient housekeepers that even if they have no servants they get through their work early, in plenty of time to sally forth in costly frocks and feathers to afternoon At Homes in each other's houses. Besides well-dressed women every prairie town has "picture palaces, magnificent school buildings, telephones, hot-air furnaces, electric light, water supply laid on, and cement or wooden 'sidewalks' to keep the smart frocks out of the mud or dust."

Speaking as a Canadian I endorse Miss Mitchell's lively chapters, so packed with interesting observations, as being true and faithful records, perhaps the most vivid and most reliable descriptions of the social conditions in the prairie country that have yet been written. I must enter my protest, however, at her idea that there is a distinct cleavage between town and country in the Canadian west. She has got the impression that city and town people in Canada look upon agriculture as a degrading occupation. Perhaps the urban dwellers do not have sufficient sympathy for the difficulties of the farmers, but I have never seen any of this scorn of Canadian city people for the man on the soil. They honour him and many of them envy him, for every one in Canada that has any brains at all realises the fact that her future welfare depends solely upon the man behind the plough. But in spite of Miss Mitchell's over-emphasis on their isolation, her failure to appreciate the great success that has been achieved by farmers in the Canadian West, and her ill-grounded pessimism as she looks to the immediate future of the country, her book must take its place as one of the brightest and most reliable of the many volumes on the subject.

William Peterson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University, Montreal, is what is known in Canada as a "Canadian Club orator." In every important town in Canada the leading citizens meet at regular or irregular intervals to dine together and afterwards listen to an address by a distinguished visitor to the city or by someone specially invited to give his views on a public question of the moment. Mr. Kipling has addressed Canadian Clubs in various cities from Vancouver to Halifax, and upon one occasion told the members that "they tied their victim to a stake and then waited to hear whether he had anything to say." As one of the big men of the country and an orator of repute, Principal Peterson has often been tied in this agreeable way, and the stately volume in which some of his addresses are now published[2] proves that he has had many things to say.

With the exception of a couple of articles which appeared originally in *The University Magazine*, the two score and ten offerings in this book are addresses delivered by Dr. Peterson at Canadian Clubs and at Canadian and American Universities. As might be expected, he has had most to say on educational subjects; and whether he is dealing with the claims of classical studies in modern education, or the relation of education to business, or on such an abstract theme as the unity of learning, he shows that he is a broad-minded nation-builder, perfectly at home with his subject, and able to get into close grips with his audience. Addresses delivered by university presidents, especially if they are famous classical scholars with a whole string of honorary degrees after their names, are not apt to be easy reading. But it can be said of Principal Peterson that he thinks the thoughts of the wise and speaks the language of the simple.

The general reader will enjoy best of all Principal Peterson's addresses on imperial questions. Twenty years' residence in Canada has made him familiar with every phase of the Dominion's politics. For years he has been an ardent advocate of imperial federation. Neither Sir Wilfred Laurier nor Mr. Henri Bourrassa will be pleased to see many of the doughty Principal's addresses in print, for he has criticised their attitude towards imperial defence in most severe terms. This stout lover of the Motherland hates such words as "autonomy" and "individuality," the shibboleths of little Canadians. A careful reading of such speeches as Dr. Peterson's "Canada and the Navy" and "Dominion and Empire" ought to give any old-world student an excellent idea of the warm imperial sentiments of the average English-speaking Canadian.

W. T. Allison.

BEALBY.*

Mr. Wells is one of the most prolific and certainly the most versatile of living authors. He is a humorist, yet unlike most humorists he has been able to get serious folk to take him seriously as a thinker; he is one of the shrewdest, most stimulating of modern philosophers, but can turn from his carefully-planned Utopias, from earnest considerations of our complex social problems, from subtle psychological studies, from searching examinations into the causes and effects of the Great War to the writing of such a joyous, irresponsible farce as "Bealby." And, after all, this is only as it ought to be. Most philosophers grow dull and fossilised and foolish at last, because in their anxiety to maintain a reputation for portentous wisdom they never allow their lighter moods, if they have any, to get the better of them; they grow decorously stale for the want of occasional relaxation, as a man may grow stiff in the joints by too obstinately persisting in a dignified attitude. Mr. Wells is troubled by no such affectations; he fearlessly gives his moods the rein and is never afraid to lay his sober studies aside and let his mind take holiday in the gayest and most frivolous form of literary relaxation.

In "Bealby" he is indulging in one of these happy intervals, and anyone needing a change of thought, a brief escape from a too-continuous dwelling on the one absorbing topic of the times, will find in this book the recreation and tonic laughter that will meet his complaint. It were as futile to outline the story as it is to dissect and explain a joke, or to attempt to describe a colour. Bealby himself is a wonderfully human boy; the Lord Chancellor, one of his victims, is a scandalously clever blend of reality and caricature; and you may say very much the same of the caravanning party of ladies and the two husbands; of

[2] "Canadian Essays and Addresses." By Wm. Peterson, LL.D., Principal of McGill University. 10s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green.)

* "Bealby." By H. G. Wells. 6s. (Methuen.)

the butler and other domestics with whom Bealby starts his adventures, and the gloriously rascally tramp in whose company he nears the end of them. The unfortunate young man who accidentally becomes Bealby's scapegoat belongs more to legitimate comedy than to roaring burlesque, but he could not have made such a satisfactory and unsatisfactory lover if he had been fashioned otherwise. There are streaks of shrewd characterisation and worldly wisdom in the book, but its great merit is that it is a thing for nothing but laughter, the sort of laughter that in days of stress is, like sleep itself, "tired nature's sweet restorer."

IN A DEVON GARDEN.*

I once knew a poet who declared a greater pride in growing a perfect cauliflower than in creating an exquisite sonnet. Another, whose name to-day is to be seen in almost every bookshop, lived at one time in a wood where he cultivated a garden and attended to the vagaries of poultry. He seemed immensely proud of the fact that he made poultry pay, as well he might be—prouder than he was of his epic. It appears to be the peculiarity of the modern man of letters that he does not find happiness until he has taken root in the soil and is on more than speaking terms with Mother Earth. Mr. George Russell, when he is not A. E., grows eloquent on the cultivation of Golden Tankards. It is possible he might prefer, like Cobbett, to see a field of these in good heart rather than see a mystical poem of his set up in type. I have found "George Bourne" showing greater zest over his daffodils, trumpeting the Spring under twisted apple trees in his old-world Surrey garden, than in labouring at his Bettesworth books. Mr. Charles Garvice has been represented walking with a straw in his mouth casting a bucolic eye over sleek Devons grazing on verdant pastures. Mr. J. W. Robertson Scott might very well be depicted as Pan piping followed by a flock of goats, and Mr. Tickner Edwards as encircled by a halo of bees in a Sussex garden.

Mr. Eden Phillpotts boldly declares "the great gardener" to be a rarer genius than any other creative artist. "Never call yourself 'a great gardener,'" he says, "for, since Adam, the great gardeners have been far fewer even than most other great people, and not one man in a generation is worthy of such praise." With tender solicitude for his work as a gardener he robes his book concerning his little bit of limestone crag in greater splendour than he has given to any of his romantic creations of the wide moors. There is an opulent spaciousness about this broad-leaved book which gives it a mid-Victorian atmosphere. One thinks of a leisurely life lived behind large walled-in suburban gardens in which the lilac and the laburnum flourished, where now their roots are brutally torn asunder to pave a path of gold for the ground landlord. Nowadays, few dwellers in cities can enjoy shrubs of their own beyond the imprisoned tuft of Pampas grass, unless they enjoy them communally in the great gardens of our parks. Mr. Eden Phillpotts is therefore lucky in the possession of a Devon shrubbery, even though a County Council school shouts on the other side of his wall over which the Plagianthus droops its masses of snow-white flowers. Mr. Phillpotts may have his privacy disturbed, but some young genius in the new republic of letters will surely draw inspiration from a display of beauty which refuses to be hidden by a nine-foot wall.

As a man of letters, Mr. Phillpotts has had a severe task to create a lovely literary bouquet out of nomenclature such as *Grabowskya*, *Eleutherococcus Henryi*, and *Fluggea*. And what shall we say to *Damnacanthus Major*, which sounds like an echo of Hyde Park in this year of khaki?

"The spot is merely an extension of study and workroom, a private sanctuary in whose adornment I take my pleasure." But what an extension! Here the literary artist by glancing round at his flowering shrubs which have been imported from the ends of the earth can surround himself with the colour, the fragrance, the atmosphere of the snow-capped Himalayas, of the wooded marshes of the Rio de la Plata, of the mountain gorges of the Andes, of the rocky plains of Nevada, of the steppes of Siberia, of the blue hills of far Japan, of the rugged slopes of the Atlas, of the wild wastes of Manchuria, and of the illimitable veldt of South Africa. Mr. Phillpotts has brought the beauty of five continents to stay with him and delight his eyes in a garden but "little larger than a table-cloth," set upon an unkind limestone crag. Disregarding the advice of distinguished horticulturists he has made rhododendrons grow here by heaping peat above limestone, "so that your rhodendodrons, azalias and the rest have their roots safe out of the reach of the nether fires." Let no one imagine however that Mr. Phillpotts keeps any plant for its rarity. If it has nothing but that to commend it, he tells us, it has no charm for him. Like a true artist he rejoices in the success of others.

It would not be fair to notice this book without commenting upon the wonderful work of the collaborating artists, Messrs. Durrant and Son, the beauty of whose photographs more than atones for the ugliness of the names of the flowers.

F. E. GREEN.

* "My Shrubs." By Eden Phillpotts. With 50 Illustrations. 10s. net. (John Lane.)

WILLIAM BLAKE.*

No other single book gives as complete an account and criticism of Blake as M. Berger's. It forms, therefore, a most suitable introduction for Blake to French readers, who will find in it a clear outline of his life and character, a description of all his writings, and an appreciation of them which is cordial, independent and calm. Nor is it a book to be neglected by English readers. For if they want more than M. Berger gives, they must read half a dozen books. His only weakness, it seems to me, is that he spends too much time over the Prophetic Books; for he does not care for them, and he makes practically nothing of them. Instead of a long chapter on Blake's Universe, I should have preferred to see one on Blake's Earth. M. Berger has not failed to notice certain peculiarities which helped to disguise the fact that, for the most part, Blake dwelt upon this earth very much like a common man.

The difficulty is that he was an unlearned man, who can only be understood completely by the very learned. He had made for himself something unlike the earth of the geography books, out of the streets of London, the fields of Dulwich, and ruminations among all sorts of books and pictures. He saw these things, he dreamed over them, and I think there can be no doubt he was playful with them, mixing them up, taking them literally, like a child. The Bible, Shakespeare, Milton, the mystics, newspaper reports of the American War and the French Revolution, popular songs, Westminster Abbey, pictures, sculptures, engravings, were more real to him than London and the sea. He had no need of crying:

> "What do we here
> In this land of unbelief and fear?
> The Land of Dreams is better far
> Above the light of the morning star."

For this land and the Land of Dreams were one. He said that a thistle was a thistle and also "an old man gray." Books were, if anything, stronger than experience, or he could not have mingled eyesight and memory of books about foreign lands as in "To the Evening Star":

> "Let thy west wind sleep on
> The lake; speak silence with thy glimmering eyes
> And wash the dusk with silver. Soon, full soon,
> Dost thou withdraw; then the wolf rages wide,
> And the lion glares thro' the dim forest. . . ."

He wrote of England as if her poets played on harps and wore "laurel wreaths against the sultry heat." He could

* "William Blake, Poet and Mystic." By P. Berger, Professor of English Language and Literature in the Lycée, and Lecturer in the University of Bordeaux. Authorised Translation by Daniel H. Conner. 15s. net. (Chapman & Hall.)

William Blake.

not think of a shepherd without thinking of Christ. A letter from Felpham shows how suggestive the word "father" might be to him. It seems to have had almost the same value as "Our Father which art in heaven":

"The villagers of Felpham," he writes, "are not mere rustics; they are polite and modest. Meat is cheaper than in London; but the sweet air and the voices of winds, trees, and birds, and the odours of the happy ground, make it a dwelling for immortals. Work will go on here with God-speed. A roller and two harrows lie before my window. I met a plough on my first going out at my gate the first morning after my arrival, and the ploughboy said to the ploughman, 'Father, the gate is open' . . ."

It is doubtful if three years by the sea added anything to his geography. His sea and his mountains are from books. The only poems that might have sprung from the recollection of actual times and places are those in a small class of poems, like "The Echoing Ocean," "Laughing Song," and "Nurse's Song." In all three there is an echo, and in two a most real sense of the last half-hour of child's play in the evening. Childhood, also, may have lent him the memory of a folk-song in the words of

"As I walk'd forth one May morning,
To see the fields so pleasant and so gay,"

and in the tone of "My Pretty Rose-Tree," which is like "The Seeds of Love":

"A flower was offer'd to me,
Such a flower as May never bore;
But I said, 'I've a pretty rose-tree,'
And I passed the sweet flower o'er."

It might prove a more profitable search than any other to look for the origins of Blake's mysteries in his own experience and in other men's words. M. Berger rightly draws attention to Ossian's influence. But I think he might have made more of it. Take away Ossian and Milton and the lyrical Blake from the Prophetic Books, and you have a sorry little left. Nor was that little made "out of nothing," though M. Berger seems to believe that imagination creates out of nothing "ideas that are entirely new." He says more truly that "Blake's vagueness arises from a deficiency of mental precision and observation," and in another place he says, I think, that the labour that would have to be spent in getting to the bottom of the Prophetic Books would be beyond their worth. This is a rash prophetic statement, but it was not likely that one who could make it would add to our knowledge of the books. The fact is that M. Berger has been too respectful towards what he imperfectly understands, considering how plain it is that he sees very grave faults and sources of mystification. Had he only used this knowledge he could have got further than any kindly use of Messrs. Ellis and Yeats can lead him. But he leaves it plain for ever that the Prophetic Books have mostly nothing to do with literature. Their interest is psychological. Their language has long stretches that are ambiguous and opaque, and more than short stretches that are either madness or cold, lost, disintegrated dream-stuff, if there be any difference. A countryman of Voltaire and Rousseau might well have proved the case, though it is only fair to say that in such a book of interpretation and appreciation it might have seemed out of place.

EDWARD THOMAS.

THE SPIRIT OF ENGLAND.*

When war broke out, it will be recalled that the Bishop of Hereford wrote a letter to the papers giving it as his opinion that our country had no choice but to take up the sword in this conflict. "I trust," said the Bishop, "that every Englishman will do his part." Three interesting books have just been published which reveal the different ways in which three writers have fulfilled the Bishop's hope. Here is the Right Honourable George W. E. Russell, a nephew of Lord John, wondering how best he can serve his country. The Editor of *The Daily News* writes and offers his columns, and this letter is promptly followed by another from a different quarter emphasising the good service which can be rendered by writing and keeping the national resolution firm. So Mr. Russell takes up his pen, casts his mind back to the struggles of former years, and draws wise lessons of how a nation should conduct itself in war. It is most interesting reading, and yet throughout the book there is an undercurrent of seriousness which begets a feeling of quietness and confidence. The Napoleonic period gives Mr. Russell plenty of opportunities for drawing on his inexhaustible store of reminiscences. "When I was young," he writes, "I sedulously cultivated old society." Hence Mr. Russell can say that he has talked to folks who vividly remembered the French War of 1793–1815. There was Marianne Thornton, the last survivor of the "Clapham Sect," who could remember Hannah More exclaiming on Clapham Common: "Thank God, the wind has changed, and it will be dead in Boney's teeth when his flotilla tries to cross." And it was Mr. Russell's uncle, Lord John Russell, who heard Napoleon at Elba make this observation on war. "Eh bien! c'est un grand jeu, une belle occupation." It is this hellish spirit which rouses Mr. Russell's ire. He loathes Militarism with all his heart. In an inspiring chapter on War and Freedom he writes:

"I have often been accused of being unjust to the military spirit. In reply, I point to the spirit which animates the present conduct of Germany, and if that is the military spirit, I am perfectly just to it, for it is, and I have called it, damnable. It has absolutely nothing in common with the spirit which fights for freedom and national existence, or sacrifices itself for the salvation of the weak and the deliverance of the oppressed."

These are very strong words, but they come from a man who loves his country passionately, but worships the spirit of freedom more.

These papers have been greatly improved by their expansion and inclusion in book form, and speaking as one who has read practically every line which the author has written, I have no hesitation in describing them as among the most vigorous which have come from this polished pen.

The author of the "Reflections of a Non-Combatant" is not optimistic about the fortunes of her book. "The great ones amongst us," she says, "unless they be military authorities, can no longer compel attention." This is a humiliating thought for our strong personalities. Parenthetically, one cannot help calling to mind the names of some of our striking individualities in the realm of literature who have successfully refused to suffer even a partial eclipse! It is the non-fighters who are liable to take the war-fever in its most pernicious form, and we should be grateful to writers like Mr. Russell and Miss M. D. Petre who can stand aside from the turmoil and calmly survey the spirit of England in war-time, and note how she holds herself in the day of affliction. Miss Petre would have us realise some highly interesting truths about this "German Militarism" we are all inveighing against. We must all admit, she observes, that it is the Germans who know most about Militarism, and that war with them is war, and not a kind of cricket as with us, nor tinted with the romantic pursuit of glory, as with the French. War in itself is not meek and gentle, or chivalrous and generous, but angry and vindictive, cunning and crafty, fierce and one-sided. In other words "civilised warfare" is impossible. This is a very able little book, and will have a real value and a deep interest long after the world-war is over, when mankind sits down to think, and dreams dreams, and sees visions.

There is little space left to deal with a small volume of addresses by the Chaplain of the 9th (Highlanders) Royal Scots to his charges on "The Eve of Battle." The Bishop of Hereford, we noted, hoped that every Englishman would do his part. We have seen how Mr. Russell has written to sustain his countrymen in this crisis; we have noted, too, how Miss Petre has stimulated thought by tackling the deep problems of the war with courage

* "The Spirit of England." By the Right Hon. G. W. E. Russell. 5s. net. (Smith, Elder.)—"Reflections of a Non-Combatant." By M. D. Petre. 2s. 6d. net. (Longmans, Green.)—"The Eve of Battle." By J. R. P. Schlater. 2s. net. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

and insight. But it is the Chaplain, after all, who has had the greatest opportunities! We do not often use evangelical phraseology now-a-days, but "the eternal verities" are the themes for the solemn moment of the eve of battle, and it is in them that men find their hope and consolation. Mr. Sclater has made good use of his fine opportunities.

I. P. N.

SWEETHEARTS AND WIVES.*

Sweethearts and wives are, as it were, the nuclei about which most of the matter that goes to the making of novels may be said to gather. Thackeray gave us a novel without a hero, but a novel without a heroine is scarcely worthy of the name, and the seven writers whose stories lie before me have all in their various ways been true to tradition. Age cannot cannot wither nor custom stale her infinite variety—the words which smack of high falutin when applied to one woman, even when that woman is a Cleopatra, are but statement of fact when applied to the heroine of fiction, and varied indeed are her manifestations in these seven novels. The importance of the heroine is accentuated, too, by the fact that in four of the seven she is given titular honours, and twice as wife, for though old-fashioned story-writers used to think that as soon as the alchemy of a church service had turned the glamorous sweetheart into a mere wife—"a creature not too bright or good for human nature's daily food"—the reader's interest must automatically cease, later novelists have long since come to recognise the foolishness of that convention.

Mr. J. E. Patterson, in "His Father's Wife," takes his heroine from childhood, through matrimony, to tragedy, and does so with rare skill and in an absorbingly interesting fashion, making the reader feel in deepest sympathy with the three persons indicated in the title. The relations of these three are suggestive of Greek tragedy, though here the drama is worked out against a background of that low-lying Essex coast which Mr. Patterson has studied with deep understanding. Aaron Rugwood, left a young widower with a five-year-old son and an adopted orphan girl, Barbara, is a successful farmer who looks to adding acres to acres on "the island," and hopes to hand all on in due course to his son. But—it is one of life's little ironies in such a case—Roger, when he grows towards manhood, decides to go to sea. He is a somewhat indeterminate young man, who, when he finds himself falling in love with Barbara, postpones his declaration that he may make sure—and then returns from a voyage to find that she is about to become his father's wife. Mr. Patterson renders his story in a powerful and reticent fashion, which makes it deeply impressive; he presents his Essex folks and their surroundings as poignantly, understandingly, and well as Mr. Eden Phillpotts does his people and province in the West.

It is quite another presentation of the wife as heroine that we get in Mr. Douglas Sladen's topical romance. Here the lady is a German Baroness, Erna Lysnar von Adlerstein, who, that she may see something of the world before deciding definitely whether she will marry her wealthy cousin, the Graf Lysnar von Wald, comes to England as companion in a well-to-do middle-class English household. The period is the spring of last year, and the Isherwood household consists of father, mother and son, the mother being one of those futile folk who are ever fussily busy to no end; the son is a young officer who, to the foreign observer, seems to take his military duties all too lightly. Nevertheless, Erna falls in love with Renny Isherwood and marries him, and they are honeymooning at her ancestral Adlerstein when war breaks out. Thanks to the magnanimity of Renny's rival, they succeed in getting away for England, after lively adventures, and then the poor German wife finds her life made a misery by the suspicions of those who insist on regarding her as a spy. Back in her native country—having acquired a passport by sheer daring—she finds herself again in unhappy case, the people about her ever saying things which she knows to be untrue of her husband's country; she comes to determine that British suspicions are less intolerable than German "hate," so returns again to England. Her husband meanwhile has been out at the front and won distinction, and when we take leave of them they are happily reunited, though he is once more en route for active service. It is a capital romance in which the difficulties of the heroine's situation are well shown, and one that will interest many readers for its serious consideration of the problem of "enemy" wives.

Romance is played out in the heroine's sweetheart stage in Katharine Tynan's story of "The Squire's Sweetheart," and romance full of more sensational excitement than we are accustomed to finding in the dainty love-tales of its author. The Squire has reached what he terms the old-fogey age of forty when he meets the beautiful Dolly Egerton, whom he finds to be more or less completely under the hypnotic influence of a man who has saved her life and that of her little niece. This man Cooper is the baleful influence whose actions prevent the course of true love running smoothly. He is a resourceful man, ready to turn his hand to anything, but evidently a man of mystery, a man with a past, and—no gentleman. The Squire breaks through the malign influence, wins Dolly, and the marriage is arranged, when suddenly the girl and the woman who had been serving her disappear. The scene shifts to the coast of the Pas de Calais, and there in a lonely farmhouse are eerie happenings before the due happy ending is reached. There is a subsidiary romance in the story of the Squire's cousin Hilary and the terribly-situated Margaret South and her unhappy mother, and a dramatic reassertion of Cooper's past. No reader who has once got well into this story will willingly lay it aside unfinished.

The sweetheart in Mr. Keble Howard's "Merry Andrew" speaks the words with which the story opens, and the closing sentence records that "she kissed him," but she plays a subsidiary part in the story; if her appearances are infrequent, she is always there in the background as the influence under which her merry lover does his best to "make good." Andrew is at Oxford when we meet him, merrily going in for the Church to please his father and a wealthy aunt; but his father having died, the youth is by no means disappointed at his failure in the examinations, and lightheartedly sets out to conquer London as a journalist. He is promptly victimised, and finds it expedient to turn from writing to teaching for a time. If his experiences as a penman and as a schoolmaster remind us of those of "Pendennis" and "Nicholas Nickleby," that is not his fault or his author's. Mr. Keble Howard enlists our sympathetic interest in the young man who is determined to make the best of his talents, and who, on receiving a rebuff, merely retires *pour mieux sauter*. It is a hearty, healthy and refreshing story.

"Sally on the Rocks," in her determination to be the wife of a man whom she has not met, without troubling as to whether she is to pass through the sweetheart stage or not, stumbles upon love in an unorthodox fashion and so attains to the orthodox rank. She has lived in Paris, and, on hearing of an unmarried bank-manager, returns to Little Crampton with the object of capturing him matrimonially. Mr. Bingley, a "pomptious" person who falls a victim to her somewhat flamboyant charms, is most amusing by his frequent consultation of an oracular book of advice left him by his mother; and Miss Hopkins, the gossip-monger of Little Crampton, is as entertaining on the printed page as she would be detestable in real life; while of Sally herself it must be said that, though

* "His Father's Wife." By J. E. Patterson. 6s. (Allen & Unwin.)—"His German Wife." By Douglas Sladen. 6s. (Hutchinson.)—"The Squire's Sweetheart." By Katharine Tynan. 6s. (Ward, Lock.)—"Merry Andrew." By Keble Howard. 6s. (Lane.)—"Sally on the Rocks." By Winifred Boggs. 6s. (Herbert Jenkins.)—"Hyssop." By M. T. H. Sadler. 6s. (Constable.)—"The Rose-Coloured Room." By Maud Little. 6s. (Sidgwick & Jackson.)

she diverts us, she rouses little more of sympathy than do those two. Miss Winifred Boggs writes in a lively spirited fashion; if she did not do so her new book would be depressing owing to the low estimate which she appears to take of men and women.

In "Hyssop" we have, apparently, a carefully-considered and well-written first novel, readers of which will look forward with interest to further work by Mr. M. T. H. Sadler. It is a story of Oxford life, and particularly of young Philip Murray, of his friends, of his affections, and of his start in life. The son of a collector of pictures, it is only by the successful sale of those art treasures on his father's death that Philip is enabled to go to the University, hoping later to enter the Civil Service rather than join his uncle, a commercial magnate in New York. Then comes the sweetheart and the joyous generous hopes of youth—with a sequel foreshadowed by the title of the story. Mr. Sadler presents real people in natural surroundings, and deals seriously with serious subjects, so that his work will be best appreciated by those who regard the art of fiction as something more than the telling of a mere time-killing tale.

Miss Maud Little's story of "The Rose-Coloured Room" is described as "the love-idyll of a rich young idealist," but somehow the arranging to elope with another man's wife will not square with most people's ideas of the idyllic. There is something unreal about Michael Quentin and that strange "Corner House" to which he was adding a rose-coloured room when the end befell, yet readers not too insistent upon probabilities—even those who may echo the words of Michael's servant, "He's up a pole"—so long as they have a taste for the sentimental, will find entertainment in this strange story of Glasgow life.

WALTER JERROLD.

SAILORMEN ALL.

In a way it is a pity that Mrs. Bruce Marriott has quoted so much from the *Lady Nelson's* logbooks.* Of course, it is well to know that the records are still intact and to be seen; it always is so in such cases, because we then know where to obtain facts when they are wanted. But how often, alas, do extracts like these make dry reading! And how could they do otherwise? They are but little more than the bare bones, which the newcomer should cover, giving fresh life and movement. Explorers have seldom, indeed, been more than men of action; therefore we do not look to them for more than skeleton records. And the seamen portion of the whole have generally been even more laconic than land explorers. Thus the log entries of both Grant and Murray are terse enough in all conscience. Not even Grant's "Journal" is a sufficiently detailed piece of work for book-making. And, to judge by the authoress's own work, both in this book and in her previous ones, if she had elected to tell the story of the *Lady Nelson's* doings in her own way she would have made a much more interesting volume.

The vessel was a brig of 60 tons, we are told; but by the reproduction of a painting of her, as she lay in the Thames, just prior to sailing on her history-making voyage, we should have thought her to have been more like 200 tons. Measurement in those days was different from what it is to-day. Yet whatever her tonnage was, it is another story of great daring and large results in a little packet, such as, short of the fighting, was done in the small craft that laid the foundations of our over-seas empire in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. She had, however, "a centre-board keel," the invention of one Captain John Schanck, R.N., which we take to have been centre-boards that were let down through or by the side of the keel, as they are to-day. And by the captain's name and the fact that both the centre-board and the lee-board are considered to be of Dutch 'long-shore origin, we have a suspicion as to where he got his idea.

At any-rate, she had three of them. They could be hoisted and lowered at will, and largely by their aid she reached Cape Town, then Australia, and was the first vessel to circumnavigate that continent. Truth to tell, the exploring, charting, surveying, etc., done by her two commanders was of vital importance to our well-being in the antipodes. It was by their work that England laid claim to and got possession of Australasia. And one is sorry to learn that the pirates of Baba made a prize of the gallant little packet in 1825, twenty-five years after she left the Downs on her great voyage. She deserved a much better fate.

Mr. Safroni-Middleton's book† is as different from Mrs. Bruce Marriott's as chalk is from cheese. It is a book on which we could expend the whole of our space in pointing out errors and finding fault generally. At the same time it is an effort on which we could write a BOOKMAN page of praise, particularly if we knew nothing of vagabond life away from this right little, tight little island. The author's sense of literary method, regularity and continuity set's one teeth on edge, and his humour does but little to mitigate this. The first-rate personal material that he throws way with a mere reference or two is appalling. Then off he goes into a page of something that is but mildly interesting. He sets out with the laudable intention of writing a veritable "human document," and, because of incidents, personality and outlook, few men, except natural roamers of individual make, have had better scope for such a work. But what does he give us? A mess of pottage—or a curate's egg, if you prefer that—where fine, descriptive passages in good English, and showing a sensitive nature that appreciates beauty, go cheek by jowl with bad grammar, and casual intimacies such as one would look for in the personal story of a Simplicissimus. With these there are statements of this sort: "I will tell you that which no man has written before," and "Aye, you shall hear of things that men dream of in silence. I will pour them out of my soul, for the calm eyes of stern reality," etc. And here are samples of the English that occurs, all too frequently: "Walking along Queen Street one night I stood by a tea shop." "He did me also." "I . . . got a job in a tanning yard where they cured sheep and cow skins"—truly a queer mixture of businesses for a tan-yard to carry on! Then he writes of seeing the vessel's figure-head from the main top, a cheese-cutter *hat*; and on p. 30 he says that his shop had "two large windows," while on p. 31 it has "a solitary window."

At the age of fourteen Mr. Safroni-Middleton ran away to sea—so we gather—and sailed "before the masts." His first passage was to Brisbane. There he "jumped" the ship, acted the fool thoroughly with an out-back tea shop, lost his money, loafed about, played his fiddle on the streets, got drunk, had a spell up country, and returned to his former life in the townships. He then crossed to Sydney, and shipped to the Samoan Islands, where most of the incidents took place. There he lived, off and on, with the natives and had various experiences. It is just the old, old story of the rolling stone "down south," the rough and tumble, starve and luxuriate yarn of thousands of men, not one in every generation of which can tell it all any better than the next man could, if he tried. The difference here is that there is a partially-revealed personality. A wholly revealed one (and revelation in this sense is not made by isolated slaps of bare-armed intimacy), more method, knowledge of the essentials of such a work, and good English throughout would have given us a book to welcome whole-heartedly and to keep. For, after all, what is true autobiographical writing but individuality and manner—the way in which the story

* "The Log-Books of the *Lady Nelson*: With the Journal of the First Commander, Lieutenant James Grant, R.N." By Ida Lee, F.R.G.S. (Mrs. Charles Bruce Marriott). With Sixteen Charts and Illustrations from the Originals in the Admiralty Library. 10s. 6d. net. (Grafton.)

† "Sailor and Beach-Comber: Confessions of a Life at Sea, in Australia and amid the Islands of the Pacific." By A. Safroni-Middleton. With Twenty-Four Illustrations. 16s. 6d. net. (Grant Richards.)

is presented to the reader? Some—much, in fact—of the right thing Mr. Safroni-Middleton has in him. Yet to do better with the next instalment, which he promises us, he must shed the unliterary peculiarities mentioned above. In Samoa he met Stevenson several times, and gives a good general idea of the man, not so much by writing about him as by faithfully describing the meetings and what R. L. S. did and said. There is no new light in this; nor does it lend itself to quotation. It is just what we all know Stevenson to have been—so far as outsiders may know from the written and spoken word—and in that fact, the true likeness, we see the needlessness of the author's reiteration that he is writing the truth about himself.

J. E. Patterson.

OLIVER*.

If one were asked to name the quality which, above all others, distinguishes the work of Mr. B. P. Neuman, one would say, I think, that it is a certain austere reticence—an economy of emotion, as it were—which may sometimes give the impression of aloofness, but which, at its best, produces an effect of directness and power that can be got in no other way. In Mr. Neuman's new novel, "Oliver," one finds this quality displayed in greater measure than in any of his other books, so that if, as the pundits say, the highest aim of the artist should be to conceal himself, then in this respect alone "Oliver" must stand very high among the novels of our time. Happily, however, there is no need to discover the merit of this novel by the application of arbitrary rules. "Oliver" is indeed an admirable piece of realism, sincere, restrained, and, in the truest sense, artistic, but it is more than this: it is an intensely moving story, a book which take a place among the small but select company of those that appeal no less to the heart than to the intellect, because of their simple and essential truth.

Mr. Neuman's method has been made familiar by a score of other novels, and, perhaps, in the Mr. Grimwood of this tale there is more than a slight reminiscence of the elder Roddles and Josiah Porlick. Like them, Grimwood is self-made, self-assertive and opinionated, "hard as nails and as tough as wireworm," yet with a curious streak of sentimentality that now and again emerges. But this is the only echo in a book which is undoubtedly the finest and the biggest piece of work Mr. Neuman has yet given us. Grimwood's son, Oliver, is the central figure, and the development of his character, through boyhood and youth to manhood and maturity, is its single theme. All the influences that react upon him and form him are etched in with a sure hand. In the first part of the book, at least, there is nothing irrelevant; every detail and every incident helps forward the conception of Oliver's personality. We see him, a self-conscious, delicate child, at the little private school, under the charge of the egregious "Dr." Arkwright and his kindly but incompetent daughters; we follow him to the boarding-school at Eastbourne, and watch the growth of a morbid introspection as the idealistic and sensitive boy becomes more and more insistently conscious of the weak strain in his moral nature. Then come the years of clerkship in his father's office, and the artistic aspirations which lead to an unconventional art-school and a somewhat tawdry bohemianism. In these surroundings Oliver finds for a time the spirit of romance, but always the full satisfaction of life is denied him because of that moral weakness, upon which his mind continually dwells. A short and unhappy period of married life does nothing to solve his difficulties, and it is not until he is faced with the upbringing of his infant son that he begins to find himself.

At this stage of the story, the author's conception seems to waver. The characters are as clear-cut as before; there are perfectly-finished vignettes, such as the character of Miss Paking, which live in the memory, and Oliver's struggles and self-abasement are described with real sympathy and understanding. But, with the development of young Roland, the unity of conception seems more and more to be violated, and the introduction of the war into the last few chapters, though it rounds off the story and solves many difficulties, is too obviously a device. One finds oneself speculating as to whether these closing incidents were a part of Mr. Neuman's original plan, and, if not, what that original plan was. The last arc is broken; what would one not give for the perfect round!

C. S. Evans.

* "Oliver." By B. Paul Neuman. 6s. (Smith, Elder.)

PROFESSOR FLINT.*

Even the grey lot of a professor of theology may have a few of the coloured moments of life, but Professor Flint had less than usual. He was never married. He was never tried for heresy. He rarely entered the ecclesiastical arena. He had his defeats, for he was one of the unsuccessful candidates for the Edinburgh Chair of Moral Philosophy in 1868, and the circumstances of that notorious election drew him into controversy. But he had academic successes to counterbalance this. Had he not been elected, when a young parish minister, to Ferrier's Chair in St. Andrews, over T. H. Green? And did he not eventually succeed to Chalmers' Chair of Divinity in Edinburgh University? This, again, led to newspaper controversy. Academic circles have never quite made up their minds as to whether Crown appointments or appointments by a Board are more likely to be a "job." Flint's qualifications were pre-eminent, in this case, but there were local and financial questions raised, and Edinburgh enjoyed one of its favourite scandal-hunts. For this the *Scotsman* newspaper was responsible. Those who know that excellent journal's history will smile over Dr. Macmillan's apology for its sins, on the ground that the offending article was well written, and that the journal "always stood up for freedom, righteousness and progress, both in Church and State."

The real events in Dr. Robert Flint's life are his books. The biographer has entrusted two chapters on his writings and philosophy to other hands. The captious reader will feel that both of these chapters are somewhat egotistical and discursive. But Dr. Macmillan's part is done excellently. He has given a vivid, balanced sketch of Professor Flint's character and position, which will be grateful not only to his personal friends but to those who, in this country and on the Continent, knew him mainly as a polymath. It is the old, honourable story of the Scots "lad of parts" rising from a humble social position to pre-eminence. When he resigned his Chair in 1903, Professor Butcher wrote to him: "You are the most distinguished member of our body, to put the fact bluntly, and your withdrawal from the Chair will be felt all over Scotland and outside this country." Colleagues are often kind to retiring colleagues, but this was more than a nice word from a colleague. Professor Flint stood for speculative theology and erudition far beyond his own church and country. The dominant interests of his mind were logical and historical rather than speculative, it is true; he did not break fresh ground in theology or philosophy. Yet his intellectual breadth and vast range of learning enabled him to move in the regions in which others speculated, and to appraise their contributions with an authoritative touch. His reputation here was so high that it could afford to dispense with any keen interest in literature or biblical criticism.

At one point, Professor Flint's career contradicts the common view that when men fail as preachers they are elected to chairs of theology. Professor Flint was a vigorous and influential preacher. It is one of the traits in him that remind us of Chalmers. But while Chalmers poured out his soul in practical church-life rather than

* "The Life of Robert Flint, D.D., LL.D." By Dr. Donald Macmillan. 12s. (Hodder & Stoughton.)

in the philosophy of religion, Flint made himself an authority in the latter sphere. He did not live to deliver his Gifford Lectures, but his published volumes are often Gifford Lectures before the time. For, although he was a loyal Churchman, his mind worked, as Dr. Macmillan observes, "with the fundamentals, not of any particular religion, but of religion itself."

JAMES MOFFATT, D.D., Litt.D.

ENGLISH DRAMA.*

There is one rather obvious criticism which might be urged against a series entitled "Channels of English Literature," and that is that English, less perhaps than any other literature, may be said to flow in channels. The notorious individuality of our national character is fully in evidence in what is our highest national expression. Development there has been, and at any rate until the revival of romanticism and the birth of modern democracy, when an individuality innate and hitherto unconscious became conscious and militant individualism, there has been a continuous and discernible flow of tendency which lent itself to fairly inclusive generalisation; but this broad stream, with its innumerable deeps and shallows, its cross-currents and tributaries and unexpected inlets, is inadequately described by a word which always carries an implication of narrowness. This stricture is particularly applicable to the subject of the latest volume in the series, the drama; for the infinite repertory of English plays is as motley an assemblage as was ever capable of a single generic description. Plunge almost at random into this book, and you find yourself in what seems at first sight a chaos of unrelated manifestations of the dramatic spirit.

This first impression is, of course, corrected by more consecutive reading, but it is a tribute to the writer's capacity that it should be given. It is an earnest of his fidelity to the characteristics of his subject. Professor Schelling, of the University of Pennsylvania, is well known to students of English literature by his large book on the Elizabethan drama, and by a variety of kindred works. Having to get much matter into a limited space, he writes in a concentrated and even crabbed style, and he appears to have curious theories as to punctuation; but his book teems with interesting information and just appraisement. It is a story which has been often told, but one cannot think of anything else on the subject at once so compact and so complete.

And it is a fascinating story. Gradually the drama disengages itself from the ritual in which, here as everywhere else, it had its origin. First came those vast cycles of mysteries, founded on the scriptures or the legends of the saints; then the moralities, of which "Everyman" is the most famous example. But the need of the groundlings for more profane amusement had already been recognised by the insertion of such episodes as "The Second Shepherds' Play" in the Towneley Cycle, and soon came the jolly interludes of John Heywood or William Cornish, according as we accept this or that ascription of the learned. The Renaissance brings Plautus and Seneca into fashion, and true comedy is born with "Ralph Roister Doister" and tragedy with "Gorboduc." Then follows the development first manifested in Kyd's "Spanish Tragedy," a crude work yet one of more than mere relative interest; and Kit Marlowe, who, in his too rare moments, is greatest for sheer poetry of all Shakespeare's predecessors, is not far behind. Contemporary with him are the other "University wits" (a term which Professor Schelling dislikes), Peel, Greene, Nash, all of them at least as notable for their undramatic achievements. This brings us to the very threshold of the unparalleled world which is Shakespeare.

In treating this Elizabethan drama, Professor Schelling wisely and logically arranges his subject not under authors but under types. Thus five consecutive chapters are called "Shakespeare and his Contemporaries in History and Romantic Comedy," "Dekker, Heywood and the Drama of Everyday Life," "Shakespeare, Webster and the Height of Tragedy," "Jonson and the Classical and Satirical Reaction," "Beaumont and Fletcher, and the Romantic Continuance." In this way, while each chapter is dominated by one or two great figures, the individual writers are constantly appearing and reappearing in different connexions according to the variety of their achievements, and a panorama is thus evolved which is a better reflection of the subject than a procession would have been.

This amazing era of our theatre, which, if Shakespeare had never been born, would still have been made great by Marlowe and Webster, Jonson and Beaumont and Fletcher, came to an end in Shirley and Ford, in the second of whom alone the old fire burnt with real clarity. Drama, like the lyric, was decadent before the coming of the Puritans, and, like the lyric again, after the Restoration it reappeared with a new though a different excellence.

On leaving the field of his predilection, Professor Schelling, as he frankly admits, relies to a greater extent on the judgments of other critics and historians, but his account of the Restoration drama, though it lacks the brilliancy which, even if factitious, seems the only appropriate treatment of that theme, is adequate enough, and he does what he can with the dreary period of Steele, Lillo and Garrick.

Professor Schelling ends his detailed narrative with Sheridan, only devoting a brief concluding chapter to the unliterary plays and the literary plays unfit for the theatre which until recently represented English drama. He has nothing direct to say of the revival of late years, though there are indications that he does not set it so high as some of us like to think it deserves. Commenting on the moralities, he writes:

> "In our own time the example of "Everyman" has begotten a progeny of contemporary plays, English and other, and created even on the popular stage of England and America, a wholesome diversion from the dismal problems and trivial improbabilities that for the most part rule there."

But surely the value of the mediæval moralities was their relationship to contemporary thought, and their modern representatives are not the anæmic productions of which "Everyman" is the parent, but such plays as "Strife" and "Justice." Nor, delightful as are the comedies of Oscar Wilde, are they the most hopeful indications of a real reunion between the theatre and art. Not in them nor in the brilliant journalism of Shaw, but in Synge and some of his Irish colleagues, in plays like Masefield's "Nan" and "Pompey," Houghton's "Hindle Wakes," Lawrence's "Widowing of Mrs. Holroyd" and Abercrombie's "Deborah" do we look for the grounds of our hope. But it is unfair to attack Professor Schelling on ground deliberately avoided in an able and useful book, in which there is so much admirable information and comment not only on the drama as literature but on the theatre as a vital organism.

FRANCIS BICKLEY.

* "English Drama." By Felix E. Schelling. 5s. net. (Dent.)

NICKY-NAN AND JAFFERY.*

Here are two delightful stories, though as unlike as chalk and cheese. The one with consummate artistry shows you how the war might affect a simple out-of-the-world community in Cornwall; the other will answer to the mood that makes us want sometimes to forget the stern realities of Flanders and Gallipoli in a world of make-believe where there is no echo of gun-fire.

"Nicky-Nan" must be almost the first war novel brought out by any author of considerable repute, and it is not a war-novel in any conventional sense. "Q" is far too shrewd an observer of the times, far too conscientious a craftsman, not to be aware that years and years must go by before Armageddon can serve as material for even a new Tolstoi's or Hardy's treatment. He touches but the fringe of the world-drama, aims at no more than picturing the disturbance which an eddy of the whirlpool might create in a little backwater of civilisation. He asks us still to be content to move in such a tiny Cornish fishing village as has hitherto helped him to scenes of farce or

* "Nicky Nan." By "Q." (Sir A. T. Quiller Couch). 6s. (Blackwood.)—"Jaffery." By W. J. Locke. 6s. (John Lane.)

studies of life's ironies. But just because he confines himself to what he knows by heart, he is able to transcend his apparent design.

Polpier, after all, is England in miniature. Its startled complacency, its slowness to realise the bearings of the clash on its own conscience, its tragic awakening to the fact that the whole face of things has changed—are not these phases typical of the nation at large? In that microcosm, if you look with the seeing eyes of a "Q" you can find concentrated the heart-searchings, disillusionments and debates so many of our finer souls passed through a twelvemonth ago. They are all reflected in "Nicky-Nan"; the thing can be done provided you reduce your scale sufficiently, and understand your locale and characters inside out as they would figure under normal conditions. "Q" does, and so he succeeds in relating his injured reservist, his policeman and postman, his farmer, his fisherwives and children, his parsons, his bank-manager, his corporal, his busybodies and scandalmongers to the new spirit and the new facts and emotions.

Very artfully are the elements of local trivialities and national crisis combined and contrasted. You get both at once in the opening tableau of the youngsters playing at war and wounded soldiers, while Nicholas Nanjivell, with his bad leg broods over the prospect of eviction, and never realises the respite which the war brings with its moratorium. The entire plot turning as it does on this Nicky-Nan's discovery of a miser's hoard, and his efforts to conceal his wealth, makes for the lightest of light comedy. And yet at its every turn, with the introduction of every new *dramatis persona*, the war makes its influence felt. It tinges everybody's talk—such racy, piquant talk; it influences everybody's conduct; it works slowly on the young men's hearts, till at last even the most dubious of them enlists, after thus indicting his elders, "We've got to go because you've brought this about. . . . Why were we brought up one way to be tortured turning our consciences to another?" "Q," you will see, goes right to the root of things even in a story that has a laugh on every page.

"Jaffery," in other hands than those of Mr. Locke might have shaped very differently, but it could hardly have been more charming. It is based on a case of literary imposture, or rather on the predicament in which the robber of a dead man's fame is placed, when wife, friends, publishers, public all are urgent that he shall repeat his success and favour them with another work of genius. He tries, but all in vain; the result is brain-fag, surrender to alcohol, mental paralysis and death. One can imagine how some authors would have revelled in the opportunities for elaborate analysis such a situation could be made to involve, how readily they would have played the vivisector with the poor wretch's strained nerves and spiritual agony.

Mr. Locke has no taste for the surgeon's job; his fastidiousness rejects even the temptation to look in on Adrian Boldero as he wrestles all alone with his impossible task. He hints at the tragedy, and leaves the rest to his readers' imagination. The business he finds more congenial is to describe how Adrian's crime reacted on the living, to dwell on an instance of just that sort of chivalry which is the favourite topic of his art. Not Adrian, but Jaffery is his hero, and Jaffery is one of those big-hearted, blundering Quixotes who cheerfully double their responsibilities. The preoccupation of Adrian's friends is to prevent his widow from hearing of his fraud, and in pursuance of this benevolent plan, Jaffery goes so far as to work up a novel out of the impostor's fragmentary notes, and to endure any amount of petulance from Doria Boldero when she chooses to think he has spoilt her husband's book by the very touches which give it its quality. The irony which Mr. Locke always commands as well as graceful wit and fancy is admirably turned to account in his handling of this couple's encounters. Both are vivid creations, the woman in the unconscious cruelty with which she eases the pain of her bereavement being particularly well done. Here, in fact, is Mr. Locke at his fantastic best.

F. G. BETTANY.

Anatole France in his Study.

From an amateur photograph, lent by Miss Winifred Stephens.

THE BOOK OF FRANCE.*

The appearance of this book is one of the many proofs of the worth of our friendly understanding with France. Designed to aid, by the profits of its sale, the French Parliamentary Committee's fund for the relief of invaded Departments, admirably edited by Miss Winifred Stephens, it was published on July 14th, the National Fête, under the auspices of an honorary committee presided over by the French Ambassador. In books of the class to which this volume belongs—"Charity Books," one might call them—although highly meritorious in intention, one frequently finds that the names of the books are often more interesting than their contributions. It is an unavoidable defect arising out of the necessity of writing to order. No such fault, however, is to be observed in "The Book of France," which is an entirely delightful and interesting miscellany. The plan of the book is as original as it is successful. Some of the most distinguished French writers of the day have contributed to the volume articles, which have been translated by English writers, of no less eminence, who are able in this manner to pay graceful homage to their *confrères*. Thus Mr. Thomas Hardy translates an article by M. J. H. Rosny *aîné* on "Great Britain" as a worthy foe and a loyal friend. It is a generous appreciation in which some of our shortcomings are touched upon, but with such tact as to make them appear almost virtues. Mr. Hardy gives us a version of a characteristic piece entitled "Invasion," by M. Remy de Gourmont. M. Anatole France's "Let us arise and end war!" finds a worthy translator in Mr. H. G. Wells, who modestly suppresses the reference to himself in the first line of the original, but when he comes to an allusion to the Martians which he created, and which have since become a universal symbol, he is forced to keep to the text.

Perhaps the most remarkable contribution to the volume is a masterly essay (translated by Mr. W. G. Hartog) on the mentality of the Germans by M. René Boylesve. The German character is as it were dissected with the skill and care of a practised surgeon. Nothing is overlooked or misunderstood, and by this process the complete organism of our chief enemy is revealed, and the seat of disease pointed out. Naturally at a time like the present we are all interested in the mental condition of Germany. Such curiosity is even shared by those to whom such studies before the war offered no attraction. Mr. Boylesve, who never raises his voice or misuses superlatives, calmly and deliberately tells us how, since 1870, the German people have submitted to a military despotism that has tended to destroy all humane ideals. In admitting that this is

* "The Book of France." Edited by Winifred Stephens. 5s. net. (London: Macmillan. Paris: Édouard Champion.)

nothing new, he shows that we failed to understand the character of modern Germany, just as the Germans failed to understand the character of France, Russia or Britain of to-day. To a superficial observer the Germans, French and English each exhibited certain exterior features that have been mistaken for national character. The German appeared as kindly, humane and sentimental; the French as volatile, pleasure-loving and materialistic; the English were regarded as entirely wedded to sports and too indolent and indifferent to trouble about responsibility. The war has been the means of disclosing the real spirit of the nations. Heroism is common to all the combatants, but those deeper things which form the essential or fundamental basis of ideals have been revalued by the Germans who follow Neitzsche: the Prussian has willingly destroyed his soul, the French has found his. Mr. Henry James has supplied a kind of prologue to the volume in the form of an essay on France. The subject and sentiment are excellent, but they are conveyed in the author's most turgid style. Mr. Rudyard Kipling, by way of epilogue, contributes a poem also called "France." It forms a suitable pendant to the volume, and concludes with these lines:

"First to face the truth and last to leave old truths behind—
France beloved of every soul that loves or serves its kind."

ROGER INGPEN.

Novel Notes.

GOLDEN GLORY. By F. Horace Rose. 6s. (Hodder & Stoughton).

This is the story of Napo the Dwarf, who fought and ferreted his way through half a continent on the quest of the Golden Glory; the story, too, of Keshwan the Giant and Baroa the Bushman, who by attaching themselves to the Dwarf founded just such a triple alliance of strength, size, and cunning as the gods respect and story-lovers adore. Dwarf, Giant and Bushman—baboon, lion and jackal—truly a magnificent trio, another Three Musketeers, if we agree to overlook the muskets and fine trappings and think only of the exploits and escapades, the ups and downs of that joyous camaraderie. Not *la belle* France, but benighted Basutoland is the setting for this original novel. A hundred years ago Basutoland was overrun with wandering tribes who devoted their leisure hours to "massacres and devastations on a wholesale scale; passed their days in unprovoked attacks and spent their nights in desperate resistances; moved about the country in a procession of bloody forays and criminalities of the most atrocious character; and thought nothing of murdering a hundred people because someone had gone off with an ox, or of burning fifty kraals because a few fowls were stolen." It will be seen that the tourist anxious to negotiate such a country stands in need of a very special outfit, and indeed Napo, Keshwan and Baroa have many excursions out of the frying-pan into the fire and back again into the frying-pan before the end of their quest draws near. Again and again the author wins our admiration by his quick wit, his ready expedients, the joy with which he flings his heroes into a private quarrel or a desperate conflict with the enemy. Napo loves a fight and the description of his Homeric contest with the Zulu hosts can thrill even in these days. Turning to the lighter side, the vainglorious Giant in the guise of a witch-doctor, with his ratskin bags, his bladders and bones and other stage properties, is a figure to remember, and his performances as magician and calamity-monger are as laughable as they are dramatic in results. Equally diverting are the Bushman's hints on love-making and the strange bridal customs which are touched upon. But perhaps the strangest and most fascinating feature in this story of savage life, is the glimmer of the vision splendid that besets the soul of the grotesquely ugly Dwarf and lifts him above the level and the comprehension of his companions: "There is a Golden Glory that haunts the dreams of men! It is found in war by some, by others in wealth and herds. Some find it in the love of women, many in chieftainship and high honours, others only in food, drink, and carousals." We are not surprised to note that this powerful, full-blooded story of a continent that now looms larger than ever in the public eye was singled out for distinction as the South African prize novel in its publisher's All-British £1,000 prize novel competition.

THE ROLL OF HONOUR. By Evelyne Close. 6s. (Melrose.)

Miss Evelyne Close has written a powerful war-novel that will appeal to all who have realised the stirring events of the past year—and who in this country has not? Opening in July, 1914, it takes us back to those historical times when England's part in the great European struggle was undecided, when days were pregnant with unknown dread, and the drums of war sounded ever nearer and nearer. A fleeting glimpse of a quiet old Rectory garden in England, of placid farm-life in Belgium, of happy lovers, and that peace and contentment which is now nothing more than a memory; then the author carries us forward into the throes of war, and traces its story of agony and horror, crowning its final tragedy with a noble triumph. Her style is at once strong and tenderly sympathetic, and her novel is more than a thing of the imagination, for its incidents are terribly true and such as are happening around us now every day of our lives. The story of the lovers who wed at the outbreak of war, to part at the church door, in answer to their country's call; to be driven further asunder through heart-rending calamity, and brought together at last only to be divided once more by the swift hand of death, is an echo of many present-day tragedies. The graphic realism of the book grips intensely, and will make "The Roll of Honour" sure of its place, at least, in the hearts of those who too have played their parts of courage and fortitude in this war, and to those likewise who in sympathy have shared their suffering.

THE RISE OF JENNIE CUSHING. By Mary S. Watts. 6s. (Macmillan.)

This is a long and thoroughly competent novel with a well constructed plot. It is wonderfully human and just sentimental enough for simple people but with that reality and grip of life which is essential to good fiction. The heroine, Jennie Cushing, appears first on page eleven and we never once weary of her to the very end. She is, no doubt, a little too clever, virtuous and handsome; yet she is no prig but always intensely human; she manages to get the good out of all her experiences; partly because she knows so well the darkest parts of life. She has her own code of morality, and though many of her actions do not fit in with the conventions of good people, almost all will agree that she is a good woman. The contrast and the likeness between herself and her friend Marie is brought out with a genuine pathos. The scamp Harrish has attractive qualities and can respond to goodness when he sees it. The plot is laid in America, part in the low life and part in the high. One feels that the author writes with an intimate knowledge, that she is always a sympathetic critic and full of hope for the future.

LOVE IN A PALACE. By F. E. Penny. 6s. (Chatto.)

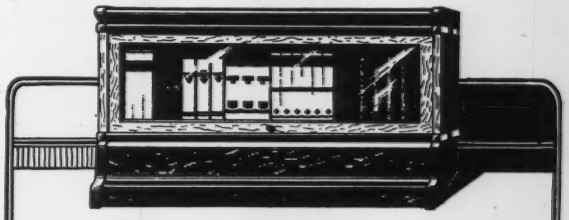
We confess that we always look forward to a novel by Mrs. F. E. Penny with anticipations of pleasure. Mrs. Penny has managed to capture to a considerable degree the atmosphere of the East, about which she writes with knowledge and insight; she has the gift of the story-teller and her characters are usually real and living. In "Love in a Palace" Mrs. Penny has produced a book which will undoubtedly please her wide circle of readers. In this story of Indian life, she has centred the interest rather in the native characters than in the Anglo-Indians. The Nawab is a wonderfully well-sketched character, and one follows the progress of the story—in which he plays a considerable part—with unflagging interest. The comparatively few Europeans who appear in the pages are of quite secondary importance, though they are by no means puppets. The feud between two important native families

which figure in the pages of this interesting book gives one a real insight regarding native customs and view points. Hassan, with his Oxford education, is one of the most carefully drawn characters; and the conflict of ideas between him and his father—the old Mohammedan nobleman, with his extraordinary and purely Eastern views of women and the fate that was sure to overtake all infidels—is clearly and interestingly indicated. Nissa, the girl who was going blind and with whom Hassan was so deeply in love, is a most charming character, and readers will be glad of the unexpected denouement which Mrs. Penny very skilfully brings about in the last few pages. We like, too, Mrs. Barstow, who was usually far more discreet than are most of the memsahibs who have been depicted in novels. "Love in a Palace" may be thoroughly recommended to those who can enjoy a fresh and well-written story, and to whom India appeals as a land of mystery and of charm.

THE ENCHANTING DISTANCE. By Lilian Arnold. 6s. (John Long).

When an author possesses genuine skill at characterisation, sympathy, and a keen sense of humour, it is improbable that any story related by her (or him, as the case may be) would prove other than a success. Mrs. Arnold, while possessing the above qualities for telling a good story, has also chosen a good story to tell. She understands and sympathises with the unrest, the divine discontent, that is stirring among sections of the community who live an aimless, conventional existence at the present day; yet, though sympathising, she does not spare them; she brings the searchlight of her genial criticism and wit to bear on the weak points in their armour—and makes them all the more understandable and likeable to the reader. The Hon. Patricia Case, endowed with enough of this world's goods to be entirely independent of work, pines for a definite purpose in life, other than marriage. How she breaks away from her life of ease and idleness, attracted by the enchanting distance of a Bohemian life in Chelsea, and what happens thereafter, constitutes an uncommonly entertaining story. There are many arresting situations in the plot, which, as the tale unfolds, revolves round the doings of a practical man of business, and a man of dreams and imagination. Which man finally wins Patricia, and why, keeps a strong love interest running throughout.

Photo by Bassano. **Mrs. Lilian Arnold.**



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THE STORY BEHIND THE VERDICT. By Frank Danby. 6s. (Cassell.)

Mrs. Frankau has created in her latest book a character of striking personality and originality—an eccentric, literary egoist, who, being himself an unsuspected and not altogether guilty murderer, becomes absorbed in the unique hobby of ferreting out the stories that lie behind the commonplace verdicts of coroner's juries—prompted by nothing more than an interest and curiosity concerning human nature. His investigations result in several thrilling, dramatic episodes, sparkling with that brilliant and witty dialogue in which the author is so notably skilled. The book is one that is sure to be popular—for who does not enjoy a cleverly concocted mystery, and to watch its gradual unravelling? and here are mysteries in profusion, so varied and seemingly unsolvable, and yet so cleverly worked out that the reader passes from one plot to another with ever increasing interest and admiration. Although the central figure of these stories would probably be an aggressively selfish and most aggravating acquaintance in real life, in fiction he is a fascinating personality, and so well drawn that it is difficult to believe he is not real. It is to be hoped that Mrs. Frankau will introduce him again into some other of her works, for surely countless books could be written around such a powerful individuality. Fresh and vigorous, it is a book that mingles tragedy with its comedy yet contains nothing akin to morbidness, and lacks neither excitement nor humour.

The Bookman's Table.

THE FRENCH REVOLUTION AND THE ENGLISH NOVEL. By Allene Gregory, Ph.D. 7s. 6d. net. (Putnam's Sons.)

Dr. Allene Gregory's study in the *tendenz* romance, "The French Revolution and the English Novel," is a very valuable excursion into the byways of our literature, none the less valuable because the apparent results of the excursion are mainly negligible. Dr. Gregory must have known before he started on his investigations it was unlikely—*a priori*—that any popular work of fiction voicing Revolutionary sentiment could have secured publication between, say, 1793 and 1815. So he cannot have been seriously disappointed when he discovered no serious doctrinal utterances in any of the novels written by such pro-Revolutionists as Holcroft, Godwin, Bage, Shelley, and Mrs. Inchbald. Humanitarianism, individualism, and idealism may be more or less self-conscious in these novels; but in actual teaching and tendency their tone is less Revolutionary than that of Fielding's "Jonathan Wild," less democratic than that of Goldsmith's essays. It could not have been otherwise. A man who, like Holcroft, depended on his pen for a living, simply could not afford, however keen his pro-Revolution sympathies may have been, to fall foul alike of the executive and of the populace by proclaiming unpopular opinions in his plays and novels. As for Bage, his propagandism would scarcely have shocked Burke; he is merely Goldsmith much diluted, and less idiomatic. While the Godwin of "Popular Justice" may be sought in vain in "Caleb Williams," and in those other romances in which Shelley's father-in-law develops the character of his favourite egoist-hero. In taking leave of a work which is as scientific in method as it is cogent and reasonable in criticism, we must, in justice to Dr. Gregory, add that in his seventh chapter, which deals with "The French Revolution and the Rights of Women," he affords Mary Wollstonecraft, alike as woman and author, the fairest and yet the most sympathetic treatment she has yet received.

OR IN THE GRASS. By Madeleine Caron Rock 2s. 6d. net. (John G. Wilson.)

There are few things more exciting than to open somebody's first book of verse. In very many cases the excitement subsequently shows itself in using the poor book as a projectile, and in asking vainly why another person has recited the same songs and wasted both his time and ours. It rarely happens, as may be supposed, that something new awaits us—either new in method or in melody or thought. And, if it does, the first look somehow seems to be still more pathetic. Why should all these things be offered to an unpoetic world? But no, they will be found by persons few and fit, and we are sure Miss Rock will go as unperturbed as Meredith, from whom the title of this book is a quotation. It has not been chosen without cause—the note of many of these poems is a kind of wistfulness, a seeking for the mysteries of life, a sadness and low laughter, like the sound of woodland creatures that were so well known to Meredith. Some of these poems, in the Irish way of speaking, are delightful:

> "For it is then—afther I've looked
> That I am sthronger than the world
> And sthronger than the song av the bird—
> Wid the red fire and wild honey in me heart—
> It is then I am answered."

Some of the poems, we confess, are so profound as to be beyond us; but the thoughts of youth are long, long thoughts, and the language is always so pretty, nay beautiful, that one understands the poem first in one way and then in another—and what could be more satisfactory than that? It was so in Berlin on the morning after the first production of Hauptmann's "The Sunken Bell"; and something of the same excitement would be witnessed here in London if this little book were read as much as it deserves. It is a book of gypsies and of strange children and of something on the other side of shadows. Who would not be attracted if his eye should fall upon this verse:

> "Once my battle smoked,
> But then the smoke turned sapphire blue,
> And curled and foamed away—
> And I was flat upon the field
> Knowing that the enemy had laughed and gone."

Notes on New Books.

MR. WERNER LAURIE.

Miss Winifred Graham is daringly original in her latest novel, **The Imperial Malefactor** (6s.) for she not only sets her story in Germany, but introduces into it a living personality of the present day, and one that has been aggressively prominent in recent times—the Kaiser himself! Perhaps nobody but Miss Graham could have mingled fact and fiction with such skill and boldness, or have presented such vivid pictures of their Imperial Majesties the Kaiser and Kaiserine. She has written a clever, entertaining story, telling of an English girl who, at the outbreak of war, finds herself stranded in Germany and unable to reach her native country. A German Count, the Kaiser's chief adviser, takes her under his care and into his household, falls violently in love with her, and through his strong personality, persuades her to promise to marry him. Fortunately Providence intervenes in the shape of a young American, who rescues the girl from such a fate and takes her safely back to England at last. Extremely topical, it is a war-story that barely touches on the horrors of war, but throws many side-lights on German people and customs. The author has tried to keep an unprejudiced point of view throughout. It is a book we can recommend—a novel with a good plot and ingenious character-studies, and written in the author's usual vivacious, interesting style.

MESSRS. MILLS & BOON.

A collection of short stories from the pen of Mr. Marriott Watson is sure to be a collection of stories well worth reading, and, indeed, none of his many admirers will be disappointed in any of the nine Mr. Marriott Watson has published under the title of **Chapman's Wares** (6s.). The first and longest, is a complicated romance, told in the author's usual vivid and powerful style, and more tragic in its absolute naturalness than if it had ended in tragedy; it grips intensely throughout—though perhaps it is not more impressive than "The Instrument," a weirdly fascinating tale, based upon a scientific discovery which sets up a definite relationship between the Cosmic Force and Numbers—an intricate instrument that ultimately results in disaster to its inventor and the loss of one very dear to him. But all the stories are absorbingly interesting, and in so many varied ways that it is impossible to select the best; there is something to please everybody who enjoys a good, thoroughly well-written tale.